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Cecil Beaton

His Favourite Portrait

It was with great sorrow that the peoples of the Empire and of the United States of America learned of the tragic death of Air Commodore H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, while flying to Iceland on active service. Ever since the outbreak of war the Duke has devoted himself to the service of the R.A.F. It was in the performance of his duties as Chief Welfare Officer that he died. With him went two of his friends Lieutenant John Lowther, R.N.V.R., Lord Ullswater's grandson and heir, and Pilot Officer the Hon. Michael Strutt, Lord Belper's second son. The sympathy of all free peoples goes out to the lovely Duchess of Kent and her three young children, and to all who lost those near and dear to them in this most grievous accident. The portrait of H.R.H., reproduced above, was his own favourite; he chose it for his personal Christmas cards last year



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Royal Tragedy

THE photograph of the Duke and Duchess of Kent with their three children, taken after the christening three weeks ago of their youngest son, will remain in many minds. It is a beautiful family picture, less formal and more youthful-looking than many Royal photographs. The sudden death of the Duke is a tragedy, and the Duchess can be certain of the sympathy of British people in all parts of the world. Theirs was a love match. Only a week ago I came across them in a small West End restaurant. They were lunching quietly in a corner. The Duke had a bottle of beer in front of him, the Duchess a glass of water. They seemed rapt in each other. All the facts which led to the disaster while the Duke was flying in a Sunderland flying boat on his way to Iceland cannot be known at once. His mission to Iceland will also remain a secret. As a member of the staff of the Inspector-General of the R.A.F. the Duke had flown many thousands of miles. Obviously all the normal precautions had been taken on this occasion, but here was that hundred to one chance which proved fatal. With the possible exception of the Duke of Windsor, His Royal Highness had flown more miles than any member of the Royal Family. His death at the age of thirty-nine will be a serious blow to the Royal Family and to the British

people. In his quiet unassuming way he filled his life with all those duties which fall to the lot of Royalty in this country. I often feel that the burden of boredom must be very heavy to bear for Royal personages, but the Duke of Kent never showed anything but deep conscientiousness and youthful interest in all that he undertook. By herself, the Duchess of Kent has found her own place in the British Royal Family and in the heart of the British people. She will always have this security.

Premier's Return

I HAVE never seen Mr. Churchill look so fit and so vigorous as when he stepped from his railway coach at Paddington Station just before midnight last Monday. His bearing was one of confidence and satisfaction in a job well done. He had travelled over 15,000 miles, mostly by air. This is the longest tour ever undertaken by a British Prime Minister, and when one considers Mr. Churchill's age—he is sixty-seven—one cannot help marvelling at his endurance and his energy. As the brilliant arc lights were fiercely focused on him there was no sign of fatigue or even wear and tear. He might have just come up from the country after a rest, instead of having flown direct from Cairo where thirty hours previously he had been bathing in a private pool.

What Results?

BY this time many of the decisions fashioned in Cairo and Moscow will be in course of fulfilment. Already General Harold Alexander is shouldering responsibilities which a short time ago belonged to General Auchinleck. General Montgomery is in the field in the forefront of the battle line with the Eighth Army. General Maitland Wilson has taken over Persia and Irak as a new and independent army command. Will the changes end there, is the question people have been asking. What of General Auchinleck, and, what is equally important, is there a new post for General Wavell? Many rumours have been in circulation lately, and all of them have pointed to far-reaching reorganisation of the present war machinery by the Prime Minister. If the changes are as fundamental as many people anticipate, they will not stop short at the War Cabinet. Nor will they be confined to this country. Obviously Mr. Churchill discussed the closer co-ordination of the military efforts with M. Stalin, and by now Mr. Averell Harriman will be on his way to report personally to President Roosevelt on his part in Mr. Churchill's mission. It would not surprise me if General Marshall is not given a new and highly important post in the very near future.

Imperturbable and Enduring

IT may not have been by mere chance that Major-General R. J. Collins broadcast a remarkable tribute to General Wavell after the nine o'clock news the other night. It is true, of course, that soon after a similar spotlight had been cast on General Ritchie he was replaced in Command of the Eighth Army. I don't think such a fate awaits General Wavell and, for that matter, that we have heard the last of General Ritchie. But it was a remarkable build-up of General Wavell that Major-General Collins delivered. He described General Wavell in terms that all his friends



The Men Who Flew the Prime Minister Back to England, and His Arrival in London

Captain W. J. van der Kloot (left) was first pilot of the American Liberator bomber in which Mr. Churchill returned from Russia. He is under thirty and comes from Florida. With him here are the other members of the crew: Squadron Leader Kimber, D.F.C., navigator; Captain Ruggles, second pilot, who comes from San Francisco; and Flight Engineer R. Williams. They were showing some of the money collected on the journey, when they attended a Press conference in London. Captain van der Kloot's wife is a dancer, and she once performed before Hitler, but her husband considers that by his latest trip he has now got his own back!

Mr. Winston Churchill was met by Mrs. Churchill at the airport, on his return from Russia to England, and they were photographed on their arrival at Paddington station. The Prime Minister, in the uniform of an Air Commodore (worn over his glamorous siren suit), was met by members of the Cabinet and high War Office and Naval officials, and two of his daughters were also there to welcome him.



The Duke of Gloucester in Iran

During his recent tour of the Middle East the Duke of Gloucester visited Victory House, H.Q. of the British Public Relations Bureau, in Teheran, capital of Iran. Here he is seen leaving the building with Mr. S. Lawford Childs, Director of the Bureau

will recognise and endorse. He said he was a modest and the least self-seeking man he knew. His special qualities were imperturbability and endurance. How well these qualities have supported him in the difficult tasks he has been called upon to fulfil. I hope it is true that there is a new and bigger job coming to General Wavell. He has the confidence not only of the people of this country but also those of the United States and Australia.

Smuts Speaks

I THOUGHT that Field-Marshal Smuts's comments on General Auchinleck were pointed, if somewhat odd. He described General Auchinleck as one of the ablest commanders he had ever met. He had the highest opinion of him and then went on to say that this did not mean that General Auchinleck was the best man to win victory in North Africa. Is this a hint that another post is being found for General Auchinleck? If we do not hear before, Mr. Churchill will deal with all these matters when Parliament reassembles. He will have a long and interesting account to give. Even now that he is back it is not definitely known how many places he visited and whether he was able to get any rest. We know that he stayed in Cairo before going to Moscow and again on his return from Moscow. He visited the troops in the desert on three occasions at least. But in the meantime it seems that his life was one conference after another.

Stimulating Diversion

WAS there a heart that did not beat faster when the news was flashed that Canadians and Commandos had landed at Dieppe? From the beginning it was evident that this was the biggest and best planned of all recent raids on the Continent. It was equally plain that it was in the nature of a rehearsal. Valuable lessons must have been learned. Probably the most heartening lesson of all was the revelation that the German defences are not invulnerable. They can be pierced. Another

revelation was the ability of British ships to stand off the French coast and land men. Why were they able to do this? Because we had control of the air. I agree with those commentators who have said that the raid began as a military operation and ended as an air victory. The Luftwaffe was badly mauled. I hope that the morale of the German defenders—they would better be termed jailers—was equally damaged. It is to be regretted that it was found impossible to have made the Dieppe raid the occasion for two or more incursions elsewhere, for clearly the German difficulties would have been much more serious had this happened. However, as it was, the raid was encouraging, and we must be grateful to the gallant soldiers who faced the fierce fire of the German batteries, and particularly to those who did not come back. They will be avenged.

Nazi Purge

IT must be admitted that the mounting number of deaths of those associated with the German Air Ministry is significant to say the least. Major-General Baron von Gablenz is the latest victim. He was a departmental chief when he met his death in an air crash in Southern Germany. One is entitled to ask whether or not this was an accident. It seemed so strange that other people holding important positions should have met death in the same way. It reminds me of a statement an American made to me some time ago after his escape from Germany. He declared that Udet, the air ace, and his companions had formulated a plan of action to meet circumstances of chaos which must follow Hitler's death. The plan did not, I gather, aim at displacing Hitler now or at any other time. But details of the plan reached Hitler through a spy in the Air Ministry and Udet paid the penalty. He died in an air crash. Obviously Hitler argued that any plan such as Udet had in mind was dangerous to him. Although Udet may not



General Rudolf Viest, C.M.G., M.C.

General Viest, Czechoslovak Minister for Defence, fought with the Allies in Russia during the last war, when he won the British M.C. In 1925 he became Military Attaché in Warsaw, and later commanded a Czech Army Corps. He escaped to France in 1939, helped to reorganise the Czech Forces abroad, and commanded the first division created on French soil. He wears the Croix de Guerre and the Legion d'Honneur



Prince Bertil in London

Prince Bertil, grandson of the King of Sweden and of the late Duke of Connaught, arrived in London a short time ago to take up his appointment as Marine Attaché at the Swedish Legation. A Captain in the Swedish Navy, he has been serving in a motor torpedo boat. He is thirty years old

have meant to implement the plan during Hitler's life, a dictator would argue that he might be tempted to do so, or if not he, some of his friends might do so. Such are the responsibilities of dictatorship.

Transatlantic Traveller

IN Washington now is Mr. Richard Law, son of the late Bonar Law and Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He has gone to Washington to see the American scene for himself, and to establish contact with American politicians. As a younger man Mr. Law was a journalist in America. He has an American wife. His journalistic training has been invaluable to him in the House of Commons, where his back-bench speeches were always effective, and in the Foreign Office where he is invariably asked to write the outlines of Mr. Eden's most important speeches. Mr. Law has a concise and penetrating mind. In the Conservative Party he is regarded with high favour. This is his first visit to America since the war started. Before he joined the Government, Mr. Law was in charge of a munitions factory in Wales. More important visitors are likely to follow Mr. Law to Washington. Invitations have been sent by Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Curtin, the Australian Prime Minister, and to General Smuts.

Political Co-operation

AN American friend tells me that Mr. Wendell Willkie has worked very hard to help President Roosevelt in his leadership of the United States. To do this Mr. Willkie has cast aside all personal and political aspirations. He has had many bitter quarrels with the Republican Party, but he persists in his policy of political co-operation. He believes that this is the best way to bring all American strength to bear in winning the war. Mr. Willkie who intends to visit Russia, may also visit China and India and Egypt. He is expected to go to Turkey and in these circumstances it is safe to assume that we shall see him in London once more. He will be welcomed by the many friends he made on his last visit.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

The First of the Few

By James Agate

AND still they come. Meaning, dear reader, this spate of films about aeroplanes, flyers, pilots, observers, flying engineers and so forth. This time it is a very long film about one R. J. Mitchell who won the Schneider Trophy and subsequently, in the face of the usual opposition on the part of the Powers that Be, invented the now world-famous Spitfire.

This Mitchell was also something of a seer: his visits to Germany convinced him that, in spite of the smoothly professed friendship of the inhabitants, a rooted enmity to this country existed in the German heart, an enmity born of defeat and despair and one hundred per cent likely to lead to open hostility on some future day. Which of course it did.

But no one listened to Mitchell's warnings at the time any more than they listened to Mr. Churchill's before the present war. The debt to Mitchell can only be repaid by remembrance. And it was a gracious act for Leslie Howard, who directs the film as well as playing the part of Mitchell, to pay this tribute to the great inventor's memory in *The First of the Few* (Leicester Square).

EVEN if one is, like the writer, a little tired of films whose action is chiefly confined to the sky, it still must be recognised that this picture is one of the best of its kind. It has pathos, it has restraint, and it is above all intensely human. What Mitchell was really like we cannot, of course, know. But this picture gives us a good idea of a quiet, studious and retiring man, for ever smoking his pipe, the sort of man you may meet any evening in any village inn; no brilliant talker perhaps, but a hard and solid thinker befitting our English way. He has an understanding and sympathetic wife who, learning the news of her husband's incurable illness, flares up in

flames for one agonising minute and then becomes the calm and restrained Englishwoman we have learnt to know and respect. There is not an overabundance of story in this film and in any case the material was slight in itself; but interest never flags, although certain descents into what an admired colleague calls "lapses into harmless farce and one last touch of false sentiment" could have been spared. Hollywood should have warned the English director to avoid these. Or perhaps he took them of malice aforethought. Except for our two revered monitresses are not all filmgoers groundlings?

FOR the acting I have nothing but praise. As Mitchell, Leslie Howard is his own excellent, placid, unworldly and remote self, perhaps a shade inarticulate and prone to the national fetish of understatement. But a convincing portrait: we are conscious from the start of seeing, not the usual amalgam of inconsistencies and improbabilities which in Hollywood pass for delineation of character, but a picture of a very real person. Howard can congratulate himself on having achieved one of the finest of his screen impersonations. He is admirably supported by that skilful actor David Niven as the Station Commander, lifelong friend and test-pilot to Mitchell: nothing could be better than the cheerfulness and trust with which Niven invests the part. Add to this a beautiful performance of the wife by a new screen-actress, Rosamund Johns, and you get a trio of English players which the best of America will find it hard to beat. This long, this very long film is produced with accuracy, the utmost care and finesse, and the atmosphere, with the exceptions noted above, is perfect. There cannot be any possible objection to the piecemeal way in which the story is told. After all, isn't Conrad supposed to tell that very long *Lord Jim* while he is

decanting a bottle of port or something?

I SUPPOSE I am really a low-brow. The discovery is not new; it has been at the back of what I call my mind for some time. I here publicly confess that I no more go to the cinema for translucent emotion than I look for that shy quality in a circus. The reason that I prefer the public performance to the trade show is, that I infinitely prefer to be surrounded by thumping vulgarities like myself than to cower between votaresses turning the whites of their eyes on me like Olympian high-steppers disdaining some coster's mope.

WHAT I am leading up to is the bare statement, of which I am not in the least ashamed, that the themes which delight me most in the theatre please me least in the cinema, and vice versa. In a theatre I do not want to see gangsters shooting one another up. In the film I do not want to watch tenuous couples mourning about their souls' status à la Jean-Jacques Bernard. In other words the theatre is the place for emotion, while the cinema is the home of excitement. How on earth can it be otherwise? What becomes of the fine shades when between you and their presentation hordes of filmgoers keep trooping in and out? Whereas in the gangster drama all you have to do is to count your gangsters from time to time. And if one is missing you know he was bumped off. He must have been bumped off when the couple in front of you bumped down.

I sat the other evening for well over two hours at the new Warner film *All Through the Night*. It seemed like ten minutes. Whereas your high-brow film which lasts two hours seems like ten days. This film is a fast-moving, grandly exciting, wholly improbable piece of acting in which New York gangsters hold up fifth columnists and show up more decent citizens. As a piece of irony the impudence of this is colossal. There is a superb cast, including Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre, Judith Anderson, Kaaren Verne and Conrad Veidt. But the film will not be popular with our high-brows. It is about the flash of naked revolvers, not the flash of naked souls.



Leslie Howard and David Niven in *Spitfire* Film

The story of R. J. Mitchell, the man whose brain conceived the fastest and most formidable fighter in the world—the Spitfire—is told in "*The First of the Few*." Leslie Howard, who produced and directed the film, appears as Mitchell, and is seen above as Mitchell in the garden of his home out of a job because of his revolutionary ideas, talking over his plans for the plane of the future with Crisp, his test-pilot (played by David Niven)



Conrad Veidt and Humphrey Bogart in *Gestapo* Film

"*All Through the Night*," which might have been called "*When Gangster Meets Gestapo*," provides an exciting entertainment with good comedy, mixed well with mystery and menace. Conrad Veidt is, as might be expected, the leader of the fifth columnists, while Humphrey Bogart, as gangster turned Gestapo-chaser, represents the hero. A splendid cast including Peter Lorre and Kaaren Verne makes this picture first-rate entertainment

British and American Comedy

Claudette Colbert in a Preston Sturges Picture

Will Hay in a Michael Balcon Product



Running away from her impecunious husband, Gerry meets a nice looking young man in the general pullman car. He invites her to breakfast. After that, it's no time before she finds herself aboard a palatial yacht in possession of a brand-new wardrobe provided by the nice looking young man (Rudy Vallee, Claudette Colbert)



When husband Tom turns up, Gerry introduces him as her brother. Complications follow and a "brotherly" good-night kiss causes Gerry to break down and confess everything. It all works out nicely, however, and Gerry and Tom are re-united to live happily ever after (Joel McCrea, Claudette Colbert)

"The Palm Beach Story" is the fifth picture entirely written and directed by Preston Sturges. His last and perhaps best known in this country was *Sullivan's Travels* in which Joel McCrea co-starred with Veronica Lake. This time Joel McCrea is co-starred with Claudette Colbert and the result is an hilarious comedy in all the best Colbert tradition. Claudette and Joel, as Gerry and Tom Geffers, find married life on insufficient financial resources a dull business. They part and their subsequent adventures until once again happily re-united are the mainstay of the story. Supporting them in their adventures are Rudy Vallee and Mary Astor, as "the richest man in the world" and his seven-times-married sister

Southern Railway Provides Facilities for British Comedy

The Goose Steps Out stars Will Hay with Frank Pettingell, Julien Mitchell and Charles Hawtrey. It is the story of a British schoolmaster, one Potts, forced, on account of physical affinity, into impersonating a desperate German spy. His job is to procure for the British Government a secret weapon which is being tested by Germany. With three secretly pro-British Austrians, Potts is eventually successful in his mission but not before he and his friends have experienced the most hair-raising and hilarious adventures, including an all-in fight on a fast-moving train



Potts gets himself into serious trouble by his bungling methods. It is not long before he is suspected by the Gestapo and questioned by their chief, Schmidt (Raymond Lovell)

Left: The schoolmaster, Potts (Will Hay), disguised as a Gestapo general, hoodwinks a Nazi pilot into flying him to England. With him is his companion, Max (Charles Hawtrey)

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Flare Path (Apollo)

FROM Shakespeare to Sherriff, our native dramatists have been strongly attracted by the humours of soldiering. Even Mr. Shaw, in *Arms and the Man*, succumbed to their charm. And when a war play is written by a service playwright, the humours and heroics are likely to share equal honours. Shakespeare's *Henry V* and Mr. Sherriff's *Journey's End*—to cite two popular extremes—both dwell with comic kindness on heroes who mask valour with comedy, and jest, so to speak, even in the cannon's mouth. Mr. Terence Rattigan is therefore in good company.

He is an agreeable dramatist. His make-up retains much of the boy. One feels that he himself shares the pleasure his inventive fancy gives. His plays are very sociable. Their fun is open, their emotions intimate. That light-hearted absurdity, *French Without Tears*, won considerable favour, which *Flare Path* should increase. Though a war play and heroically topical, it is both moving and amusing; too amusing some may feel for its serious theme. But that criticism is unlikely to be endorsed, I fancy, by present members of the R.A.F., for whom it may be said to do something of what *Journey's End* did for the P.B.I. of the last war. It shows us a selected little group of airmen in their habits as they live, move, love, and have their hazardous being.

WHILE truth may be stranger than fiction, in the theatre it is apt to seem the more convincing. And it would be easy, perhaps not unfair, to suggest that, in combining truth with fiction, Mr. Rattigan succumbs too readily to the temptation of theatricality. But that, I think, would be a pity. For while he certainly does charge his simple plot with somewhat implausible romanticism, there is so much good humour, true sentiment, and lively characterisation in his play, that our enjoyment is not seriously prejudiced. Moreover, that film-star intruder, whom he introduces into an otherwise impeccably terrestrial company, not only brings out delightful traits in the other characters, but, by virtue of Mr. Martin Walker's tactful performance, sharpens the appeal of one of the play's most moving scenes.

The setting of the play is familiar to all old soldiers. That unpretentious but friendly hotel lounge, somewhere in the Midlands, is

no novice among service venues, but has simply resumed in this war the role it played in the last. Its habitués are personnel from the neighbouring aerodrome and their wives, whose intimate relationships diversify the professional alarms and excursions of an eventful week-end.

The chief characters are three members of a bomber crew and their wives, plus the wandering film star who drops in confidently from Hollywood to re-establish his old association with the wife of the youngest airman, and, eventually failing, disconsolately departs. The

Left: The Squadron Leader finds the thirst for knowledge of Percy, the bar-boy, a little disconcerting at times (Ivan Samson, George Cole)



Sketches by
Tom Titt

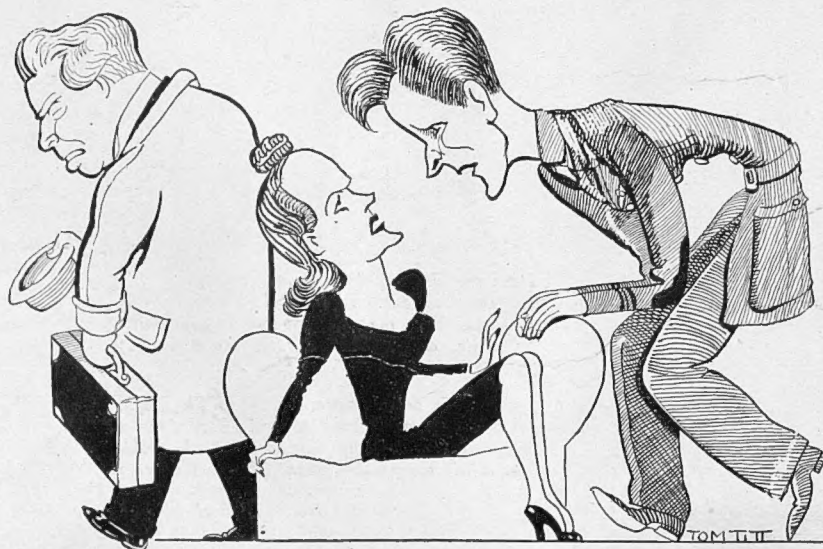
Right: The Count, whose plane was seen crashing into the sea and is given up as lost, unexpectedly returns to the arms of his devoted wife (Gerard Hinze, Adrienne Allen)



airmen and their wives are widely contrasted in temperament and type; and it is their happy treatment by the author, that gives the play its outstanding attraction.

LIKE poverty, war service brings together strange bedfellows. The most daring and least articulate of the three heroes is a Polish count married to an English ex-barmaid who is neither a fool nor a snob. She is one of those sterling charmers whose immortal paragon was Marie Lloyd. Her accent is less than Debrettian

The happy ending imposed by Mr. Rattigan on the professional excursion matches that which disperses the connubial alarm. It is unashamedly theatrical, and a kind of unexpected bonus in sentiment. While calculated to bring tears to the eyes of tender-hearted playgoers, it need not seriously affront stern realists. Mr. Anthony Asquith has produced the play with resourceful sagacity. His choice of players, indeed, like all their performances, could hardly have been bettered even in the accommodating days of peace.



Left: The famous film-star ex-lover is dismissed by the Flight Lieutenant's wife when she discovers how much her help means to her husband (Martin Walker, Phyllis Calvert, Jack Watling)

Right: A happy matrimonial "squabble" on the merits of various bus routes is derided by the bitter-sweet hotelier (Kathleen Harrison, Leslie Dwyer, Dora Gregory)



All in a Good Cause



Mr. Charles B. Cochran drove up in style with Princess Romanosky-Pavlovsky (who presided over a giant sports enclosure), and was greeted by the Pearly King

Cochran's Hampstead Heath Big Top Aids Yugoslav Relief

Hampstead Heath was once again the 'Appy 'Ampstead of days gone by, when Mr. Charles B. Cochran took possession for all too short a time, and presented to a rapturous public all the spellbinding allure of a Giant Circus, with real lions, a mammoth Fun Fair, and a host of top-line variety artists, headed by ringmaster Tommy Trinder. Hoopla, fish-ponds, Dodge-'Ems, all helped to drag the pennies from willing spectators, who joined in the fun uproariously. The Yugoslav Relief Society, to whom the proceeds are to go, should benefit handsomely



King George of Greece entered into all the fun of the fair and donated generously. He sat in a ringside seat, preferring its friendly neighbourliness to the more comfortable solitude of the royal box

King Peter of Yugoslavia was willing to try his hand at anything in such a good cause. The Yugoslav Relief Society is under the joint patronage of his Majesty and H.M. Queen Marie, his mother

"First of the Few" Premiere Aids R.A.F. Benevolent Fund



Mr. Leslie Howard, who plays R. J. Mitchell, and who also produced and directed the film, arrived with Mrs. John Winant, wife of the American Ambassador, and Sir Kenneth Clark

The first showing of the film *First of the Few*, which tells the story of R. J. Mitchell, the man who designed the "Spitfire," was given in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund at the Leicester Square Theatre. A distinguished audience, including Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Portal, attended. A special showing of the film, at which Air Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas was host, was given earlier at Fighter Command Headquarters, and was attended by 500 pilots, and other members of the R.A.F.



David Niven, now a major in the Rifle Brigade, who was granted special leave from his regiment in order to play the part of Crisp, Mitchell's test pilot, bought his programme from a member of the W.A.A.F.s



Rex Harrison found an appropriate looking collecting-box for his contribution. He seemed quite recovered from the shock he received recently when a lone raider deposited an uncomfortably heavy bomb in his garden while the family were at tea

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Stay-at-Home Holidays

FOR many years Queen Mary has set an unrivalled example in patriotic devotion to duty. When war came, she left the home she loved in London so that she might spare officials anxiety on her behalf, and settled down in the country (though at the time she cared little for country life). Later, when motorists were asked to give lifts to pedestrians, Queen Mary constantly stopped her car when out driving, and never passed by a man or a woman who wanted a lift. Later still, when the petrol shortage became acute, Queen Mary gave up her car and reverted to the old-fashioned horse and carriage. Now, in response to the Government's "stay-at-home" appeal, Queen Mary has decided to allow the summer months to go by without change in her daily routine. Instead, one or two of her close friends needing country air and rest are spending a few weeks with her in her West Country home.

King George V's Snuff-Box

HIS MAJESTY has given a gold snuff-box belonging to his father for sale in aid of the Red Cross. The snuff-box is part of the very valuable personal collection of gold *objets d'art* belonging to his father, who first started collecting many years ago, when on his world cruise in the "Bacchante." Collections made by sovereigns are entirely distinct from State gold pieces. They are the property of each reigning sovereign in turn, not the property of the nation. Some pieces date back to Charles I., and fascinating stories are told by the Yeoman of the Silver Pantry—which is the fairy-flavoured title of the man who looks after the royal plate—of the subterfuges worked out by his predecessors to conceal these from the searching eyes and plundering hands of the Roundheads.

Ascending Agriculture

SUNDAY in a train between the West Country and London presented a heartening panorama of activity, with reaping and ploughing, the labours appropriate to the time of year, in full swing. Stooks of full-eared corn stood

among stubble which looked, from a distance, like coconut matting, and in the Blackmore Vale, formerly chiefly a dairy-farming district, fields which had been grass for generations were succumbing to the plough.

Down there, hunting has given way to soldiering, and all the men remaining in the neighbourhood (and agriculture demands a good many) are strenuous Home Guards. "Blind" fences, which used to be a menace of cubbing at this time of year, now afford excellent cover for their activities.

Mr. Ellis Nuttall, Joint-Master of the Blackmore Vale with Major Hodgson, after Colonel Wingfield Digby gave up, is now in the Army, and his wife, busy nursing, has moved into a small house near their beautiful home, Hazelgrove House.

A Blackmore Vale regular now important in the Home Guard is Colonel Keith Mason, D.S.O., at one time in the 14th/20th Hussars. He is the son of Lord and Lady Blackford, of Compton Castle, and father of the famous "Gully" Mason, R.A.F., tragically killed this year.

Towards the Wilts border is Hadspen, the lovely home of Sir Arthur Hobhouse and Lady Hobhouse, who works on the farm herself from morning till night. Their daughter, Miss Libby Hobhouse, in the M.T.C., has been working with Mrs. Richard Tauber.

Wilts and Somerset

A LANDMARK on the Wilts and Somerset borders is King Alfred's Tower at Stourton, built in the eighteenth century, of the small, rosy bricks peculiar to the period, to commemorate the defeat of the Danes by King Alfred on that spot. Sir Henry Hoare lives in the beautiful, enormous, colonnaded, eighteenth-century hamstone house of Stourhead: his ancestors bought the estate (much of which now belongs to the National Trust) from the Stourton family. There is a beautiful Augustan pleasure-garden, with a big lake, woods, grassy paths, exquisitely pillared and pilastered Grecian pavilions, and ridiculous, fascinating, artificial grottoes, with pools and fountains, statues of Neptune and a nymph, intricate Roman paved floors, and an

inscribed quotation from Alexander Pope—all an almost fantastic reminder of an age of infinite leisure. Down in the tiny village is a church built about 1400, whose interesting contents include a recumbent stone figure (from a tomb) in Plantagenet dress, and some rare pre-Reformation glass. Redlynch Park, where the Dowager Lady Suffolk lived until lately, was burnt down, and rebuilt in 1912; another lovely house in the neighbourhood is Zeals, the home of Colonel and Mrs. Troyte-Bullock. The black dogs crowning the gate-posts look down on the main road from London to the West.

Stately Homes

QUITE near is Longleat, the lovely house belonging to the Marquess of Bath, which now houses a well-known girls' school for daughters of officers of the Army. Another stately home of England occupied by a girls' school is Hampden House, Great Missenden, home of the bachelor Earl of Buckingham. Many country homes with great traditions now house strange, unexpected companies—girls' schools, boys' schools, convalescent soldiers, sailors and airmen, blitzed babies, resting war-workers. From time to time their patriotic contribution to the national war effort is recorded in the pages of the TATLER AND BYSTANDER. The last one to do so was Adlington Hall, the historic home of Mrs. Legh, which has been opened by St. Mary's Hospitals, Manchester, under the title of "St. Mary's 'Services' Maternity Hospital." It is for the wives of officers and men serving in the Forces who would, in normal times, have had their babies in a nursing home, but whose finances have been so strained by war as to make this impossible. Application for admission can be made to the Superintendent, St. Mary's Hospitals, Manchester, 13.

People

I SAW Miss Mary Newcombe, now appearing at the Mercury Theatre in Mr. Ashley Dukes's *Man With a Load of Mischief*, lunching out in town recently. As Mrs. A. H. Higginson she used sometimes to appear out hunting with the Cattistock, when her husband was Master; "Hig" has written some interesting books about hunting, to which he has devoted many years, both here and in his native America. Miss Newcombe, with her own company, the Mary Newcombe Players, has been entertaining troops of the Southern Command since 1939, which good work she hopes soon to resume.

Other interesting people seen about are the Lehmanns: Rosamund, whose first novel, *Dusty Answer*, had the success it deserved, and Beatrix, with whom she is now sharing a flat, last seen in *Jam To-day*. John Lehmann edits *New Writing*, one of the welcome live young literary growths in times of chaos. A clever young woman writer, seen out walking while off duty, is Miss Joan Haslip, now working at the B.B.C. Her books include *Parnell* and *Lady Hester Stanhope*; she has lived much in Italy, and her married sister is there now.

From Midnight—

MIDNIGHT in Edinburgh found the de Guise crowded; a lively party was Lady Cecilia FitzRoy's, which was to celebrate her joining the A.T.S. She looked extremely attractive in a flowered dress, and the party included many U.S. officers, and a Dutch Flight Lieutenant in the R.A.F.—his gallant exploits forbid the mention of his name. One of the most attractive girls there was the late Lord Provost's daughter, who was educated in America, and was dancing with a charming United States Major. Others were Mr. Bobby Howes, who is trying out his new musical show, Miss Pat Kirkwood, and others of the cast. Also Mr. and Mrs. Cowan Dobson, back in Edinburgh pending their return to their London studio. She looked marvellous in a white crinoline dress, with a red flower in her hair—like a brunette edition of Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Graham.

—to Midnight

NEXT day, in the ancient city of Carlisle, involved a search for the local Heppell's, or its equivalent, and included an encounter with Jim Mollison, eating a solitary lunch in the Crown and Mitre. Carlisle is rejoicing in at last being allowed Sunday cinemas.



At the Opening of the Polish Airmen's Club in London

Mrs. Drexel Biddle, wife of the U.S. Ambassador to Poland, opened the new club-house for Polish airmen in Ebury Street, and poured drinks for two members of the club afterwards. She is the honorary chairman of the Allies Wing of the British War Relief Society of the U.S.A.

Group Captain Dove was talking to Lady Jersey at the club opening. She does much good work entertaining Polish airmen at her Richmond home, and is godmother to a Polish squadron. Bed and breakfast can be had by members of the new club for 3s. 6d. a night



The Macmillan—Ormsby-Gore Wedding at St. Mary-le-Strand

In this picture, taken outside the church after the wedding, are Captain the Hon. David Ormsby-Gore (brother of the bride) and Mrs. Ormsby-Gore, Lady Dorothy Macmillan (mother of the bridegroom), Lady Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Harold Macmillan (the bridegroom's father), and the Duchess of Devonshire. Behind the Duchess are her two daughters, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Ann Cavendish, and in front are Gerard and Charles Campbell, nephews of the bride, who were her pages



On August 22nd the marriage of Mr. Maurice Victor Macmillan, Sussex Yeomanry, only son of Mr. Harold Macmillan, M.P., and Lady Dorothy Macmillan, to the Hon. Katherine Margaret Alice Ormsby-Gore took place at St. Mary-le-Strand. The bride is Lord and Lady Harlech's second daughter. Her brother gave her away

Then the train again, where the ministering angel to revellers from the de Guise and Aperitif is the guard, Monaghan, whose functions include brushings-down with a veteran clothes-brush he has carried for thirty-nine years; and midnight again at the May Fair, where the most attractive couple dancing were the newly-married Squadron Leader Nettleton, V.C., and his wife. Squadron Leader Cheshire, D.S.O., D.F.C., who has just written a book about Bomber Command, was there too. So were Lord Grimthorpe, Sir Henry Moore and Commandant Lady Carlisle, looking very smart and attractive in her A.T.S. uniform. A distinguished diner making a rare public appearance the other night was Sir Bernard Spilsbury, with his daughter, Mrs. John Steel.

Wedding

THE Duke of Devonshire's nephew, Mr. Maurice Macmillan, married Miss Katherine Ormsby-Gore at St. Mary-le-Strand Church. The bride is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Harlech, and the bridegroom's parents are Mr. Harold Macmillan, M.P., Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and Lady Dorothy Macmillan.

As Lord and Lady Harlech are in Africa at the present time, the bride was given away by her brother, Captain the Hon. David Ormsby-Gore, and attended by two small nephews, sons of her sister Mrs. Robin Campbell, Gerard and Charles Campbell. Captain Hugh Fraser was best man.

Friends and relations there included the

Misses Carol, Catherine and Sarah Macmillan, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Macmillan, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Macmillan, the Ladies Elizabeth and Ann Cavendish, Mrs. David Ormsby-Gore, Mrs. Robin Campbell, Lord and Lady David Cecil, Lord and Lady Salisbury, Lord and Lady Andrew Cavendish, Lord and Lady Colum Crichton-Stuart, Lord Lambton, Lord Hartington, Lady Ann Hunloke, Miss Mary-Churchill, Lady Violet Astor, Lady Mary Clive, Lady Milner, Lady Helen Nutting, Freda Lady Listowel, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey, Lady Rachel Stuart, Admiral Strutt, Rear-Admiral Beamish, M.P., and Mrs. Beamish, and Lord and Lady Cecil of Chelwood.

(Concluded on page 312)



Married in Bucks

Sub-Lieut. Samuel John Anson Bosanquet, R.N.V.R., son of his Honour Sir S. R. C. Bosanquet, K.C., and Lady Bosanquet, and Miss Muriel Daphne Griffith, daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Griffith, of The Old Cottage, Little Marlow, Bucks, were married at Little Marlow Parish Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury (seen above with them), the bridegroom's uncle, officiated

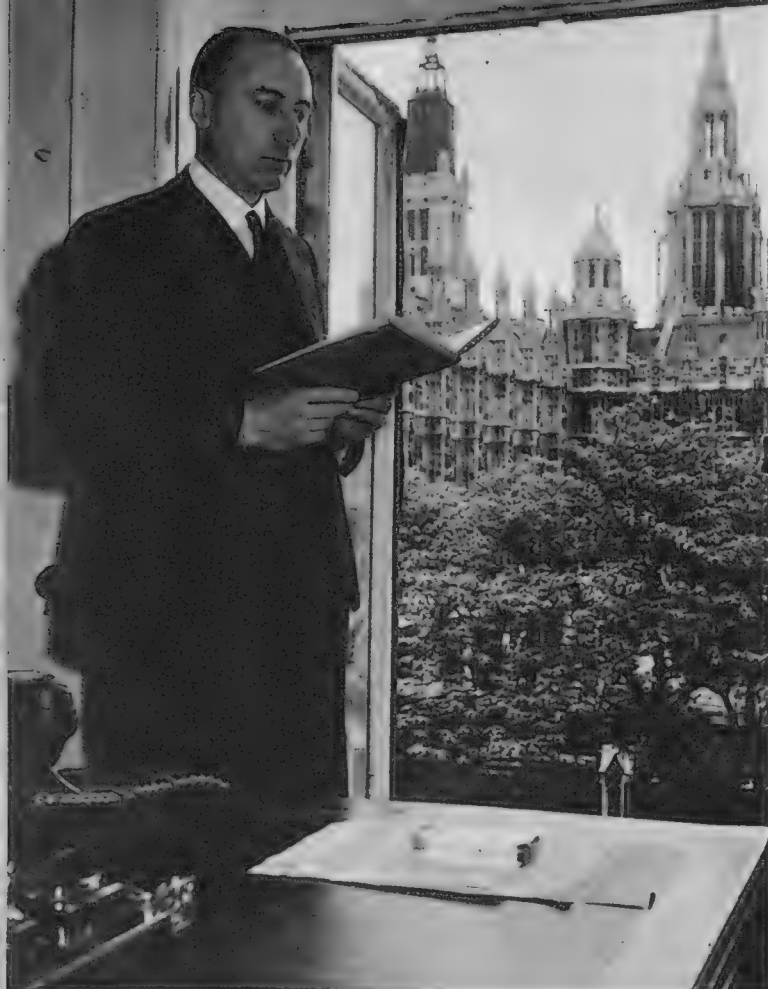


Wedding Group in Essex

Lieut. Quintin Riley, R.N.V.R., youngest son of Mr. Athelston Riley, and the late the Hon. Mrs. Riley, and Miss Dorothy Margaret Croft, eldest daughter of the Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Croft, of the Vicarage, Kelvedon, Essex, were married at Kelvedon Parish Church. With them above are Mr. Hubert Riley, best man, and Sir William Fairbairn, who gave the bride away

Conservative Leaders

At the Conservative Central Office, the Party Headquarters in Westminster



Vice-Chairman of the Conservative Party is Colonel Harold Mitchell, the forty-one-year-old M.P. for Brentford and Chiswick. On leaving Oxford Colonel Mitchell worked as a coal miner, to equip himself for the family business. Previous to his present appointment he was serving as liaison officer with the Polish Army. Now his job is to maintain liaison between the Central Office and both the House of Commons and the constituency associations. He is a well-known sportsman and international ski-er, and comes from Kincardine



One of the Vice-Presidents of the Conservative Party Organisation is a woman: Lady Hester Bourne, widow of Captain R. C. Bourne, a former M.P. for Oxford and well-known Roaring Blue, who died in 1938. Lady Hester, eldest daughter of Earl Cairns, has two sons, one of whom is a prisoner of war, and one daughter. She is President of the Conservative and Unionist Women Organisers, and besides her Parliamentary work controls important Red Cross activities



Mr. Percy Cohen, Head of the Library and Information Department, has Miss Margaret Lindsay as his private secretary. He is the author of books on social insurance

Miss Beryl Cook, Chief Agent for Wessex, is also Acting Agent for the South-Eastern Area and the Home Counties North

Mr. Victor Armstrong, D.C.M., is Secretary of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations. He is a Captain in the Army Cadet Force





The Treasurer since 1938 is Lord Marchwood, K.C.V.O. As Sir Frederick Penny, he was Conservative Whip, and Vice-Chamberlain, Comptroller, and Treasurer of H.M. Household, representing Kingston-on-Thames in the House of Commons for fifteen years till 1937, when he was created a Baron. He became Master of the Merchant Navy in 1941, and his reappointment this year was a very popular one with the Merchant Navy, in whose cause he made a moving appeal in the House of Lords



Sir Robert Topping is the Party's General Director and Principal Agent. He was appointed to this post in 1928. Sir Robert was born in Dublin and started his political career in 1904, when he became General Secretary to the City of Dublin Unionist Association. Since then he has served in various political capacities in Wales, Lancashire and Cheshire

At the outbreak of war the main political parties in Britain agreed to an electoral truce, to enable the Government and Parliament to concentrate more freely on the problems of the war. Since then no party has worked harder than the Conservatives in the cause of national unity, and many important branches of the national war effort have been assisted by their organisations, centrally and locally. At the same time the party has devoted much attention to the study of after-the-war problems, and the Conservative Post-War Reconstruction work is directed by Mr. R. A. Butler, M.P., President of the Board of Trade. The Conservative Central Organisation, originally created by Benjamin Disraeli, has had its headquarters for the last twenty years in Palace Chambers, Westminster, where these pictures were taken, but have now transferred them to Old Queen Street

Mr. Arthur T. Rivers, O.B.E., is the Chief Accountant and Establishment Officer at the Conservative Party Headquarters at Palace Chambers



Major Thomas L. Dugdale, M.P., who became Chairman of the Conservative Party in March this year, first made his mark in the House of Commons as Parliamentary Private Secretary to Lord Baldwin seven years ago. Major Dugdale served in the Royal Scots Greys in the last war, and returned to the Army at the outbreak of this one, until Mr. Churchill recalled him in 1941 to become Deputy Chief Whip. He has been Unionist M.P. for Richmond, Yorkshire, since 1929



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

DOWN in the Hick Belt of the South-Eastern Command tonight nurses are terrifying fractious Home Guard Corps and Zone Commanders at bedtime with the name of Montgomery (General Bernard L.), new Commander of the Eighth Army. "You go to sleep quick," hisses Nanny, "or that there Monty'll get you!" The Fleet Street boys only skimmed the surface of this dread warrior's fame.

Last time we contemplated that lithe, neat, smallish, cool, polite, masterful, steel-and-whipcord figure it was lounging on a cinema platform in a South Coast town, incisively warning some 500 Home Guard officers, plump, pink, shiny, and appalled, that they must henceforth cut out drink and smoking and take a five-mile stripped gallop before breakfast every morning. We knew that the fattest Regular brigadiers under the Montgomery knout were subjected daily to this discipline. A visible shudder, like the wind over a barley-field, shook 500 paunches, and a stout stockbroker-major was borne out into the air, calling for Babs and Ruby.

Exercise

A LITTLE later the hayseed population saw the Montgomery Plan in large-scale action: thousands of sunblackened, sweating, starving, wildeyed Regular troops driven ruthlessly through an exercise which seemed to last for months, living apparently, like Pizarro's conquistadors, on leaves and insects

(also the inmates of a few henroosts, as the locals afterwards discovered) and sleeping on their feet. The name of that exercise was taken from the jungle, and it lived up to it, egad.

Any man who can make crack frontline Canadian troops discuss him with respectfully lowered voices is no fop, popinjay, or *petit maître*, and you can tell Mumsie she can quote us.

Secret

SPEAKING of austerity, we thought everybody knew the secret of the Georgian Four-Bottle Men. Not so, apparently, a chap maundering over the air the other night.

It was very simple. When Dr. Campbell, Dr. Johnson's friend, boasted that he had once drunk thirteen bottles of port at one sitting, all envious London deemed the bustling Scot to be a liar. But Dr. Johnson knew. "Sir, if a man drinks very slowly, and lets one glass evaporate before he takes another, I know not how long he may drink." Time, in fact, was the essence of the four-bottle men's contract, and though they got cockeyed they rarely passed out completely after a night's sitting. (Maybe, also, they followed the sound ancient custom of swallowing a spoonful of olive-oil before starting to bang the bottle, thus lining their paunches and keeping the fumes from the brain.) So the late Professor



"—Tinned Rabbits!"

Sir Walter Raleigh's rule for civilised eating:

Eat slowly: only men in rags,
And gluttons old in sin,
Mistake themselves for carpet-bags,
And tumble victuals in
goes for drinking as well.

Démenti

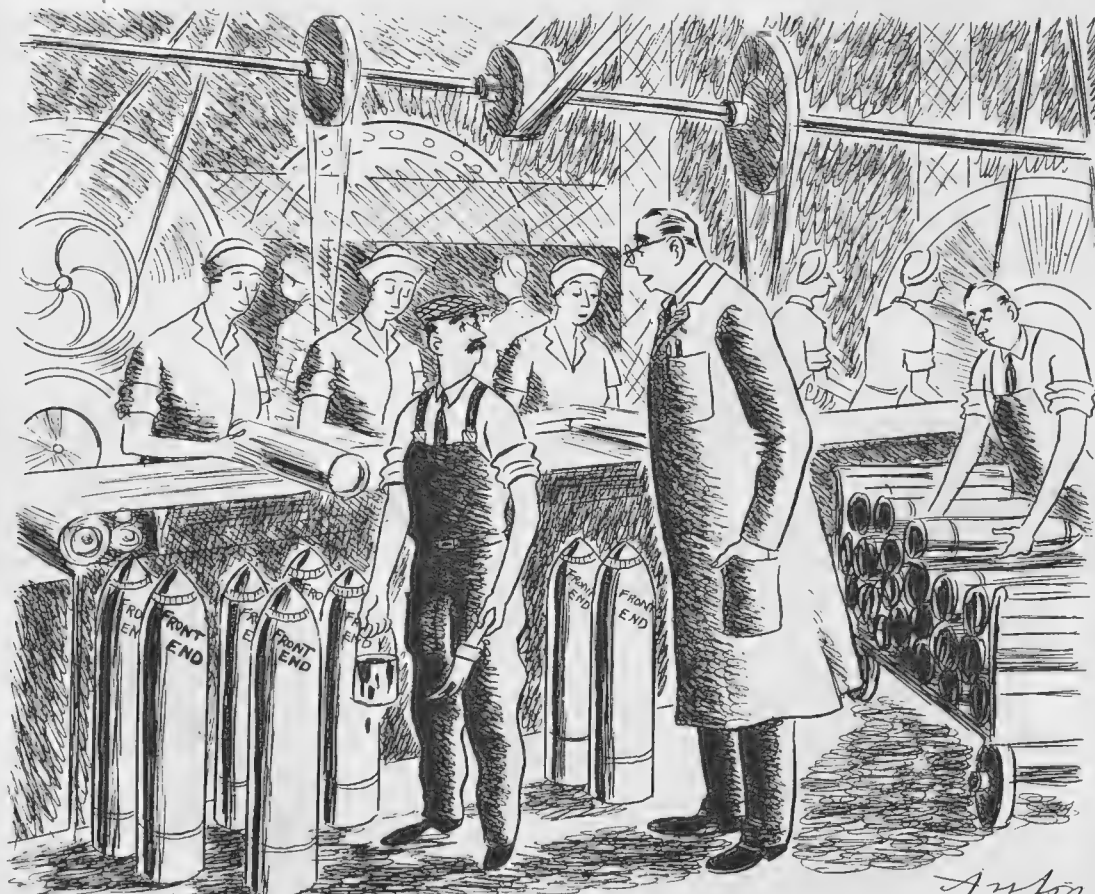
WE were wrong, it appears, when we speculated the other week that Wisden's Almanack is nowadays full of French pictures, probably. The Editor has kindly sent us a copy of the 1942 edition, most of which despite the yellow covers is perfectly suitable for general reading and may be put into the hands of any gently-nurtured British girl.

Maybe we were thinking of *The Yellow Book* and those Aubrey Beardsley and Félicien Rops cricket illustrations of the nineties. The Beardsley drawing *La Tentation de St. Trumper*, showing Trumper being tempted at the wicket by a naked, sinuous, laughing hussy with wicked kohl-darkened eyes performing the Dance of the Ouled-Nails was pretty decadent. So was the Rops drawing *Nocturne: Orgie chez la M.C.C.*, showing obvious Brueghel and Goya influences in its rather shocking diablerie. There was quite an uproar in the *Times* over the Beardsley *Tentation*, the wellknown amateur Mr. W. G. H. R. F. J. Cooke-Cooke claiming hotly that this kind of incident was practically unknown on a Lord's pitch, and several indignant archdeacons crying shame. On the other hand "fast" French actresses certainly did hang round the pitch in those days and County cricketers drank champagne out of their slippers.

Footnote

WHEN Arthur Rimbaud was the *Times* Cricket Correspondent he was absolutely sickened by these goings-on, as you can read in his report of the Surrey-Sussex match of 1899, afterwards called *Le Bateau Ivre*: But truly I have wept too much. The dawn is intolerable; Every moon is atrocious, every sun is galling. . . . and again, after the tea-interval: I have seen the low sun stained with mystic horrors. . . .

(Concluded on page 302)



"I think we can assume that the men who'll use these
will be fully trained"

The Other Side of the Pond

Long Island Activities Help Allied Cause



Senator Frank MacDermot, just returned from his native Eire, was one of the guests at Rynwood, the estate of Sir Samuel and Lady Salvage, when a garden-party was held for the benefit of the Eagle Squadron Fund and R.A.F. Benevolent Fund



Cheshire-born Mme. de Gripenberg (Peggy Moseley-Williams that was), whose husband, former Finnish Minister in London, is now appointed to the Vatican, entertained two young members of the R.A.F., Sergeant Frank B. Smith and Sergeant Kenneth Blevins



Lady Salvage welcomed more than 4,000 people from New York and Long Island to her garden-party at Rynwood, which raised over 10,000 dollars. Her husband was knighted in the New Year Honours for his services to British War Relief and other good causes in the U.S.A.



The Australian-born Rane of Pudakota, escorted by the former Chantilly horse-owner, Mr. Alfred Parker, now of Long Island, bought "chances" from Miss "Fefe" Squires. The Rane, who recently underwent a severe operation, has made a good recovery



Miss Leonora Corbett, who is appearing in the New York edition of Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit" with Peggy Wood and Clifton Webb, helped to decorate the party, which proved to be one of the big successes of the season



Watching the diving were Mrs. Frank Shields, whose husband was playing tennis (she was Marina Torlonia of Rome, sister-in-law of the late ex-King of Spain's daughter), Mrs. Polk, who was Peggy Salvage, and Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of Franklin D., Junior

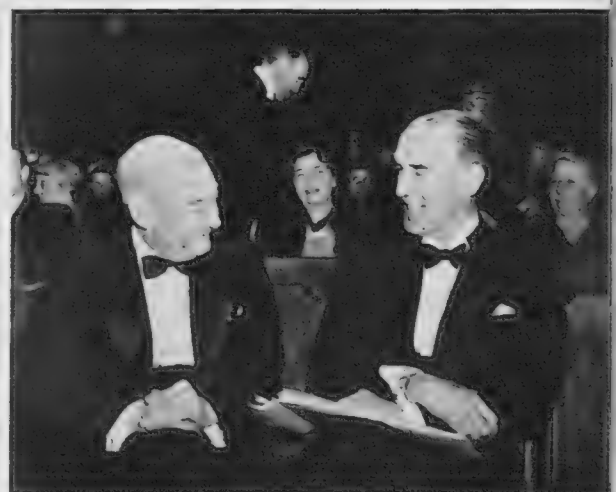
General Ian Hay Beith Speaks for Britain Two Nights Before Leaving for Home



Mrs. Benjamin Moore went with her brother, Mr. Tom Emery, to hear General Beith speak. Mr. Emery, who used to live at Biarritz, is now an air-raid warden, a policeman and a first-aid instructor



Other listeners included Lieut. Leonard Cushing, of the U.S. Navy, and his wife, who was Barbara Brokaw, one of the three beautiful Brokaw sisters. She now heads the A.W.V.S. in Oyster Bay



General Beith was introduced by Sir Samuel Salvage. His audience was mostly residents of Oyster Bay. He was widely complimented on his speech, which was most enthusiastically received

Standing By ...

(Continued)

However, our cricket boys have turned over a new leaf since then, thanks to Archbp. Fry, Bishop J-rd-ne, Archdeacon H-bbs, and other social workers, who have cleaned up the Pavilion considerably, people tell us.

Business

A RECENT survey by an expert of the Parisian Press between 1920-1940 tactfully omitted the most interesting fact about it, namely the relatively low price at which it could often be bought.

We know a lot about these affairs because rich women or their publicity-syndicates frequently try to buy us, though we are not for sale, at any rate at the ordinary Fleet Street rates those raddled crones deem a price so far. But in the last decade of the Third Republic any politician or financier who couldn't get hold of some daily or weekly sheet for his own purposes by blackmail, threats, or cash down was a sap. Often the *police des mœurs* had the screw on the proprietor or editor, whose private dossier at the Rue des Saussaies was full of interesting, not to say giggly, matter. Often they got him short on the Bourse. The scurrilous little gossip-weeklies with fancy names, such as *La Zigouille* or *Boum !* or *Coucou !* were the most useful ; they knew no decency and could destroy anybody in a month. Some day the historians of Democracy will trace the influence of the lighter Paris Press in such major national financial scandals as the Hanaud and Stavisky affairs.

Afterthought

OUR native journalism being pure as the driven snow we need add no more, except that if the syndicate behind

Mrs. Gowle's friend Baby is really talking turkey we'll get Izzy to give Smoky Joe a ring and fix a meeting with Uncle at Tony's, and anybody trying on the Great Bolo Double-Cross is out, see ?

Trick

WHENEVER meatless-diet fanatics want to take a dirty crack at us normal citizens they invariably (we notice) trot out a mystic Turco-Bulgarian tribe in the Urals, or Bessarabia, or Kamchatka, or somewhere remote, who live exclusively on green herbs and roots, are bronzed and fit, strong as horses, seven feet high, and never have a day's illness (to which our reply personally is "And who the hell wants to be like a Turco-Bulgarian tribe in the Urals ?").

Our suspicion now is that the meatless boys made this tribe up themselves one day when they were suffering from frustration and wind—the common lot of vegetarians, as a distinguished Professor of Biochemistry recently pointed out. Alternatively, our feeling is that if such a tribe does really exist its dull spotty pans and appalling conversation would make it noticeable even in a nut-food joint on Soya-Bean Day. Whoops ! The cabalistic word ! The fetish-sign ! For mentioning the sacred soya-bean we shall get 57 furious postcards threatening us with death by this time next week.

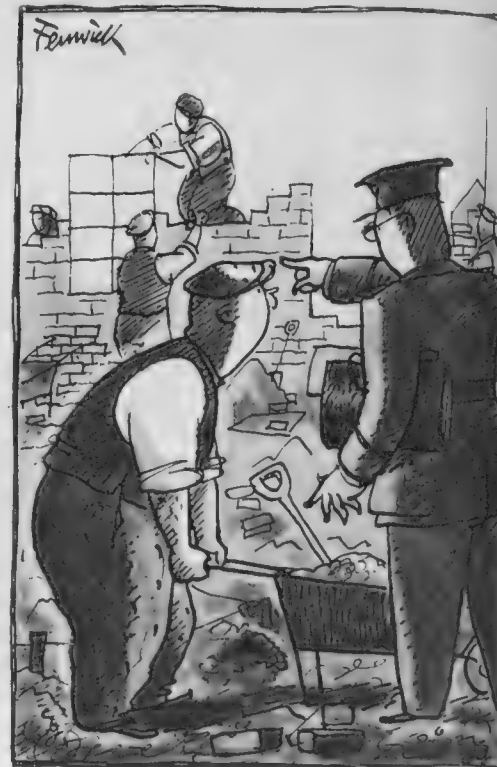
Enigma

WHY the cultus of the soya-bean (a fertility-rite) should make food cranks so restless and bloodcrazed is a perpetual enigma, but so is the reason why they should need a fertility-rite at all. Well does Gilbert White of Selborne exclaim : "It is a matter of wonder to find that Providence should bestow such a profusion of days, such a seeming waste of longevity, on a reptile that appears to relish it so little—" Sorry. Our mistake. White is talking about the tortoise (*testudo graeca*).

Censure

THERE'S nothing like a well-fooled quail (Old Rustic Saying), and we weren't surprised to find Auntie Times's Nature boy recently discussing the way to fool these feathered chums, namely, by tapping with a stick on wire fencing. The quail thinks it's a love-call from his sweetie-pie and comes bumbling along to give her a kiss. Pretty silly the quail looks when it's only Auntie's boy, whom no bird would ever want to kiss.

Possibly it's this Fourth-Form trick which has so disgusted the quail (*Coturnix coturnix*) that nowadays you hardly find him in open fields, except in the South, and rarely at that, though in Gilbert White's time (to quote that charming naturalist again) he was common on the southern English coast. As Honest Abe Lincoln said, you can fool all



"... Cor bless yer, no. Them 'uts is wot we're a puttin' up for the blokes wot are a puttin' up the 'uts for your blokes"

of the quails some of the time, etc., etc. According to the *Times* boy castanets are as good for this trick as wire-tapping ; the quail thinks it's green-eyed Conchita Perez from Alcalà, the heartbreaking little gipsy devil, and hurries up shouting "Olé !" Double-sucks, sucks-boo, as they say in the Lobby when one of the Parliamentary Glamour Girls gives an amorous M.P. the air. This fooling of birds seems to us a despicable trick, and should be left to the Stock Exchange.

Check

HAVING been recently ticked off by a Boy Scout in Kent for offering to replace a book we picked up on a salvage-dump by another one much bigger ("This is for the war-effort," the Boy Scout explained severely), we sympathise with a citizen writing to the papers to complain of the "ridiculous lack of discrimination" with which the Island Race is chucking its books away.

Our point was that an A.B.C. railway-guide of 1938 provided about twenty times more munitions-material than the slim, shabby Tauchnitz edition of *Erewhon* we wanted to exchange it for, but the Boy Scout was wary and dutiful and called up an authoritative woman who said no, it couldn't be done, it was salvage. We asked mildly what would happen if we picked up a First Folio Shakespeare on the dump and offered five hundred toshy novels in exchange and the authoritative woman said no, it couldn't be done, it was salvage.

The moral, as the White Queen would have said to Alice, is that you can't fool the Race by pretending that one book is any different from another. Another thought that strikes us, incidentally, is that it would save masses of labour and time if the booky girls' ceaseless fiction efforts were shot down a huge chute from the printing-press right into the munition-factory pulping-machine, but keep this under your hat, or the P.E.N. Club narks will get us.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Poor old Fortescue—one got him in the end"

Men With Wings

Portraits by Olive Snell



Capitaine J. F., a member of a Fighting French Fighter Squadron, holds the rank equivalent to Flying Officer. He is an exceptionally fine pilot, and has many daring exploits to his credit. A Greek scholar, before the war Capitaine J. F. was a teacher of the language in his own country, but after the fall of France he escaped to this country to continue the fight for freedom.



Wing Commander Edward Preston Wells, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, is a pilot in the Royal New Zealand Air Force. Known in Fighter Command as "Hawk Eye," he has destroyed eleven enemy aircraft, with three probables and many more damaged. It has been said of him that "his courage, skill and initiative have proved a source of inspiration to his colleagues." "Hawk Eye" Wells won all three of his decorations in little over a year, and advanced from Pilot Officer to his present rank. His fine leadership has contributed materially to the many successes achieved by his wing.



Left: Flight Lieutenant J. C. Page is a musician, and a professional pianist in civil life. At the outbreak of war he became a rear gunner in a Wellington squadron, and later transferred to Beaufighters. He is now a gunnery leader in an intruder squadron. He is a native of Bath, where he was born in 1903, and was already a pilot before the war.



Right: Flight Lieutenant Ken Davison is by profession a barrister. He was a member of the R.A.F.V.R. in peacetime; now he is a night-fighter pilot in a Beaufighter squadron. He is a son of Sir William Davison, the M.P. for South Kensington.

Flight Lieutenant J. C. Page

Flight Lieutenant Ken Davison



"Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen."
Viola, in maiden weeds, and in page-boy
attire, is danced by Mona Inglesby

The "Twelfth Night" Ballet

Second London Season
of International Ballet at
His Majesty's Theatre

Once more Shakespeare has provided the inspiration for a new ballet. *Twelfth Night* is the latest ballet to be included in the International Ballet Company's repertoire. Mona Inglesby, who dances Viola, is responsible for the production as a whole; choreography is by Audree Howard, music by Greig, and costumes and settings by Doris Zinkeisen. Nina Tarakanova is dancing Maria; Raymond Farrell, Orsino; John Pygram, Sir Toby; Rex Reid, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek; Joyce Graeme, Olivia; and Peter Garet, Malvolio. Leslie French, the actor, makes his ballet debut as Feste. The International Ballet Company are including in this season's repertoire a new production of *Giselle*, directed by Nicholas Serguéeff, with decor by Doris Zinkeisen; *Lac des Cygnes*, *Carnaval*, Ivanov's *Prince Igor*, three ballets by Mona Inglesby—*Amoras*, *Planetomania* and *Endymion*—and Harold Turner's Czechish folk ballet, *Fete Boheme*. Harold Turner will appear in most of the ballets, excepting *Twelfth Night*



Clown: "Thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria."
Maria: "Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; Here comes my lady."

Maria: "He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis with a silken string."





Duke : "How dost thou like this tune?"
Viola : "It gives a very echo to the seat where Love is throned"



Ague-cheek : "Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?"
Maria : "Sir, I have not you by the hand"

she abhors"

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

"With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, But that's all one, our play is done"



Mrs. Patrick Needham

At Her Home Near Farnham

In 1941 Miss Helen Faudel-Phillips married Mr. Patrick Needham (now Captain Needham), elder son of Major the Hon. Francis Needham and Mrs. Needham. She is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Lionel Faudel-Phillips, Bt., and of Lady Faudel-Phillips, of Balls Park, Hertford. Her son, Richard, was born this year, and helps to keep his mother busy at their home, Frensham Grange, while his father is serving with the Grenadier Guards. Captain Needham is a nephew of the Earl of Kilmorey, and has a brother, who is also in the Grenadiers, and one sister

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Mrs. Patrick Needham and Richard



Frensham Grange, Farnham



A Pony Takes the Place of Petrol Nowadays



Admiring the Baby: Mrs. Robin Wilson and Her Children

Pictures in the Garden

Of Mrs. Robin Wilson With Her Three Children

*Photographs by
Swaebe*

Mrs. Robin Wilson now lives at Chobham, and her time is divided between looking after her three children, Caroline, James and Sarah, and running a small farm, which helps to feed the family. She is the wife of Captain Robin Filmer Wilson, whom she married in 1937. Her husband in peace-time is a banker, and is now serving in the Leicestershire Yeomanry. Lady Caroline Child-Villiers is Mrs. Wilson's daughter by her first marriage to the Earl of Jersey. Her son, James Wilson, is three years old, and the latest addition to the family is Sarah, born on June 4th. Mrs. Wilson is an Australian, and a daughter of Mr. Kenneth Richards, of Cootamundra, N.S.W.

James Wonders About the Cabbage While His Mother Picks Flowers



James and Caroline on the Garden Wall



Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Shell Out Shellac

THE British Legion wants ten million old and unwanted gramophone records, because the shellac, of which these things are made, is needed for war purposes. Personally, I think that ten million is a far too modest figure. There must be many times that of records of sounds of which the world would be well rid. For instance, records of all monkey music and crooners of both sexes never would be missed, and I cannot bring myself to believe that parting with such melodies of the Edwin and Angelina type as "In the Gloaming," "Mona," "To Anthea" (this last usually sung so far as I remember by intense young men with enlarged Adam's apples and side whiskers), and that other song relating to the adventures of "The Warrior Bold" with his silly spurs of gold. None of these will mean any such "wrench" as the kindly British Legion suggests as possible. Anyway, shellac is wanted and wanted quickly, and the easiest way to get it to the right spot is to enquire at your nearest P.O., which will produce the necessary information as regards handling and transport.

A Jockey Club Cup Challenger

THE name is Bakhtawar. The date is September 11th, the owner is Miss Dorothy Paget. At the end of July this fine-looking four-year-old was quoted at 10 to 1 for the Jockey Club Cup, and he had few friends. On August 3rd he hardened to 6 to 1. Two days later he won a 1½-mile race at Salisbury at 7 to 1, beating the much-fancied favourite, Lovely Trim (11 to 10), by half a length only, but actually very easily. He was getting 4 lb., but he would undoubtedly have won at level weights just as comfortably. They each carry 9 st. 2 lb. in the 2½ miles Jockey Club Cup on September 11th, and they have each to beat Afterthought, 8 st., the runner-up in the 2½ miles Ascot Gold Cup. Sixteen pounds is a heck of a lot. Since this win over 1½ miles at Salisbury, Bakhtawar has won again at the same course over 1½ miles, and had to do no more than canter to put paid to Ragghery, up

till then much fancied in some places. Bakhtawar is now favourite, with Afterthought second choice for the big race; best price at the time of writing, 3 to 1. I suggest that we continue to remember the 16 lb. is a tremendous lot to give away, especially over a long journey. If Bakhtawar can do it he is worth his weight in gold.

Katzenjammer

IN German slang parlance this word is used to signify, what in our own slang, we call the hang-over. It refers to the noises which a German hears in his head on the morning after the night before. Freely translated it means caterwauling. The Katzenjammer in the German Press over Dieppe is vastly entertaining. It is, of course, all to the order of Boulevardier Göbbels, and it has no doubt been avidly lapped up by his grateful compatriots and their friends amongst the sadly-deluded Freak French. The main burden of The Boulevardier's information is (a) that Dieppe was undertaken in direct response to a crack of the whip in the Kremlin; and (b) that it proves conclusively that a Second Front is impossible. It is no part of our business to guide the faltering footsteps of Germany's Minister of Propaganda, but I make the humble suggestion that he would have been better advised if before he spoke he had remembered a well-known and very sage German adage, "erst wägen dann wagen," weigh before you venture, or more freely, "Don't talk rot." Purely for information as regards (a) this thing had been arranged long before "Mr. Bullfinch" got on the wing, and it is a gratuitous insult to the intelligence of the German General Staff, which, incidentally, is of a very high order, to suggest otherwise; and as regards (b) another insult to that long-headed body to suggest that it does not know exactly what the Dieppe raid has proved. One division! One port! An invasion? Really, Herr Doktor! I hazard the guess that Germany's Minister of Propaganda is even less popular with the Military Hierarchy than ever before, and that is saying a lot.

Red Cross Baseball at Wembley

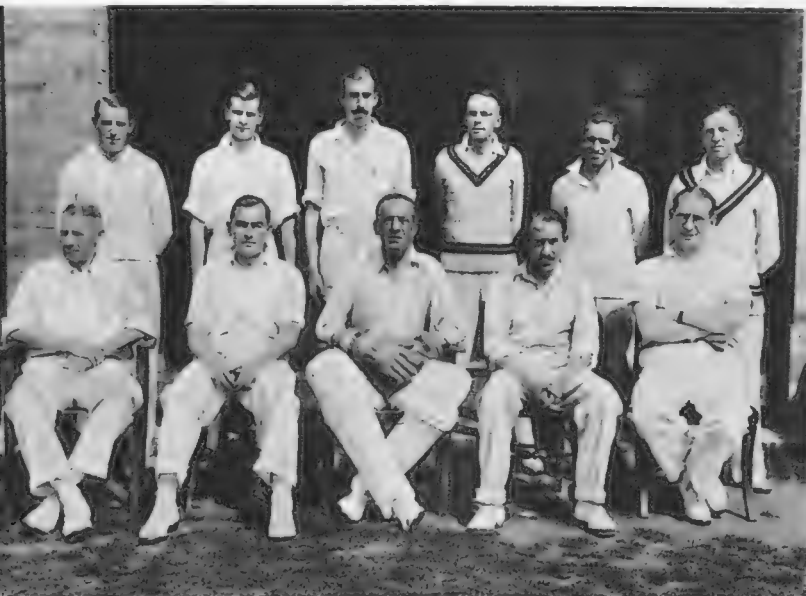
I HAD no idea until shown some recent figures from G.H.Q., Wembley Stadium, Ltd., that such handsome financial results have accrued from the baseball matches which have been played between American and Canadian Army teams at this famous arena. A recent match, for instance, which drew a gallery of 10,000, produced £950, and the whole of this sum was passed on to the British Red Cross, because, thanks to the public spirit of Wembley Stadium, Ltd., there were no deductions for expenses. The Stadium was lent and all incidental charges were met by the company, which has, I learn in addition to this, raised £30,000 for charitable purposes since the outbreak. This is very good going and something of which to be extremely proud. May the good work go on!

Wisden

THE moment you get *Wisden* you can almost smell the oil on the bats and feel the stitching on the ball, to say nothing of that other pleasant fragrance which comes up from the grass. The grand old publication, first published by John Wisden in 1864, is as lusty and good as ever, and this in spite of all the difficulties which we know it, and all others, have had to face. Felicitations to Messrs. J. Whitaker and Sons, the "nurses," and to all those who have fed it: R. C. Robertson-Glasgow, possessor of the unpurchasable light hand—and his review of Walter Hammond's career alone makes the book worth the money—Herbert Preston, who writes on the County Championship, unhappily in abeyance at the moment, and Haddon Whitaker, the editor, who has done his part so well. I do not think that anything, bar the County Championship, is missing, and this, in itself, is a grand achievement in the third year of the greatest and bloodiest war in history.

Britain's Bloodiest Battle—So Far!

THE place was Towton, in the Bramham Moor country in the West Riding of Yorkshire, the date March 29th, 1461, the occasion the Wars of the Roses, the combined casualties 37,000 according to the historian, 43,000 according to the locals from whom this present deponent made endeavour to glean a few facts. They were all killed, for neither side bothered much about prisoners, and any that the Yorkists took they beheaded just to avert any further bother and also as a reprisal for what the Lancastrians did after their win at Wakefield. Towton also holds the record of battles fought upon English soil—so far—for the history books say that the two armies



D. R. Stuart

A Victorious R.A.F. Eleven

This R.A.F. cricket eleven won their recent match against Cambridge University Air Squadron. The R.A.F. players were (in front) Flt. Lieut. A. J. Talbot, Sq. Ldr. W. N. Crebbin, D.F.C., Sq. Ldr. J. H. P. Brain (captain), Major C. E. Dixon, Sq. Ldr. L. B. Woodiwis; (behind) Plt. Off. S. McConegal, Fly. Off. P. P. O. Serle, Fly. Off. D. Dean, Flt. Lieut. R. C. Lance, Fly. Off. W. G. Carter, Plt. Off. A. D. Ogilvy



A Minister on Holiday

Lord Glentoran, Minister of Agriculture for Northern Ireland, was on holiday with his wife when this photograph was taken. He drove in the pony-trap with his youngest daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Mackinnon, and his nephews, Bill and Dan Beckwith, while Lady Glentoran rode with them on her bicycle. Lady Glentoran is a daughter of the late Lord Clanwilliam

together mustered nearly 100,000 men. Oman doubts this figure, but not the fact of its having been the biggest in point of numbers and quite the bloodiest. Edward IV. was G.O.C. Yorkists, and Henry VI., with the young Duke of Somerset, the titular O.C. cavalry, the Lancastrians. Queen Margaret was present and, with Henry, just escaped northwards by the skin of her teeth. I thought that, perhaps, with a fair sporting chance of beating this record being present, these few little statistics might be of passing interest. As the information is that "Von" Hitler has earmarked about 700,000 for his overseas operation, we ought to have no trouble at all in topping the Towton figures. Upon that occasion the Yorkists were so enraged by the atrocities committed after St. Albans and Wakefield that they were determined to put a lasting mark upon the enemy. Towton was absolutely decisive. History has a funny way of repeating itself. We have not very far to look for the atrocities of 1942. "Towton" No. 2 will be equally decisive.

A Badly-Bungled Cavalry Show

TOWTON was fought in a blinding snowstorm across the little river called the Cock Beck, often crossed in later years by people who hunted with the Bramham, and the actual place at which hounds met when I was there, was a farmhouse which overlooks the valley. It is more than possible that it was one of the Yorkist outposts. I thought at that time of a fox-catching expedition that Edward IV. must have rubbed his hands with glee when he got the information from his patrols that the Lancastrian general was forming up his knights in mail and plate of Milan steel for an attack across the Cock Beck, without having made any reconnaissance by his ground scouts. It is only nowadays fordable at about two places on this battlefield—the "Bridge of Bodies" and the place where there used to be a Roman bridge—and jumpable at far fewer, and then only nearer its source. What a hope for heavily-armoured cavalry! The Lancastrian cavalry general, whoever he was, Henry or young Somerset, absolutely asked for it, and got it in the neck in more ways than one, for his knights were anchored by squadrons and slaughtered at ease. One of them, Lord Dacre, must have escaped the Cock Beck, for many long years afterwards he was discovered in Saxton Churchyard buried, seated on his charger armed cap-à-pie. When some excavations were being made, a horse's skull was the thing that led to the discovery. Northumberland, Clifford, Neville, Willes, Manley—all were said to have been victims of the Cock Beck bungle.



Recent Impressions from the Sale Paddocks. By "The Tout"

Neal Christey trains with "Steve" at Blewbury, and has picked up a couple of races at Salisbury this season with Pharatis. Gunner Robert Way owns the Hall Stud at Burrough Green, near Newmarket, and is at present serving in the R.A. Jack Olding, whose name is familiar to every farmer in the land these days, relaxes now and again for a day's racing at Newmarket, where his Carry All won the Cavenham Handicap the other day. Gerald Deane, most persuasive of auctioneers, met with a car accident a short time ago, but it did not prevent him being in the rostrum at the sale of the late Lord Glauely's horses at Tattersall's Park Paddocks. Douglas Smith, in the blue overalls of the R.A.V.C., has been riding in great form for the Aga Khan. Major H. E. Keylock manages the Brickfields Stud, and Lord Willoughby de Broke, now serving in the R.A.F., finds a day sometimes to visit Newmarket. "Bob" Colling, father of trainers George and "R. J.", seems to saddle a winner or two at every fortnightly Newmarket meeting.



Russell, Dingwall

Rosie and Viscountess Tarbat

Lady Tarbat, seen above with a prize-winning pony, had a produce stall at the Strathpeffer Highland gathering, held in aid of Red Cross and Prisoner-of-War funds. Lady Tarbat, whose husband is a prisoner, is Welfare Officer to the A.T.S. in the Highlands.



Officers of a Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment

Back row: Lieut. A. V. Loveless, Captain S. A. Jackson, 2nd Lieut. G. De V. B. Atherton, Lieut. J. Allen, Lieut. P. F. Wills, 2nd Lieut. J. H. Inman, 2nd Lieut. R. G. Harris, Lieut. C. N. Atkins. Second row: Capt. W. S. Westcott, Lieut. G. R. Carew, Capt. W. S. Robinson, Capt. J. L. Collier, Lieut. J. M. Tyndall, Lieut. D. C. Bagworth, Capt. R. A. Carter, Lieut. P. Hannam-Clark. Front row: Capt. G. H. D. Evans, R.A.M.C., G. E. F. Wethered, A. W. G. Haddingham, Major C. B. M. Kauntze, Major D. W. Biddle, the Commanding Officer, Major A. H. Knight, Capt. A. C. Steadman, Capt. P. J. H. Pope, Capt.-Adjutant O. D. F. Gardner, Rev. G. L. Lynch. Seated on ground: Lieut. O. M. Schryver, Lieut. G. W. Groos, Lieut.-Q.M. F. R. Medd, Lieut. W. H. Budden, D.C.M.

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Wit and the Wilds

YOU never know what may be going to happen. Unforeseen changes of fortune, of location, of interests are not confined to wartime. You plan one life, then find yourself living another. Of young women yet to marry—as Miss Magdalene King-Hall shows—this proves specially true. She was a contented young Londoner, theatre critic, and already the authoress of that brilliant, anonymous *Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion*, that had pulled so many serious legs. Little did she think, as she so detachedly listened to the ramblings of the lady from Rhodesia, whose garden had had to be blasted out of a rock, that she herself, only two months later, would stand as tomorrow's bride in the Passport Office, calling for her passport to the Sudan. Empire-building had not appeared to be her line; nor had it seemed, till lately, her possible fate.

Somehow Overdone: A Sudan Scrapbook (Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.) is the record of several broiling winters in the Gezira—the cotton-growing district of the Sudan. Miss King-Hall's husband, "P.P.M.", was an inspector in the Sudan Plantations Syndicate. Three successive brick bungalows, all of an uninspiring and exactly similar pattern (being the property of the S.P.S.), in henna-hedged gardens set in limitless cotton-fields, provided the scene of their home life. Drives along gritty tracks to the other brick bungalows of other S.P.S. people were the main social distractions. There were, also, the clubs—the North End, the South End and the Wad Medani—but Miss King-Hall and her husband were not devotees of club life: when they sought the Wad Medani it was for its swimming pool and (too rare) pleasant tree-shaded lawns.

The third of their own bungalows had trees in its garden. This meant a very grateful abatement of not the least of the Sudanese trials—constant, oppressive, searching, remorseless glare. There was, to put it mildly, too much light. There was also, in the Gezira, too much flatness—when Miss King-Hall, in the course of a week's holiday travel, found herself scaling a mountain, she also found that her necessary leg muscles seemed to be out of action: for months she had stepped up nothing more formidable than the verandah steps of S.P.S. bungalows. Where the cotton-fields ended—and, for the variety-loving eye, there was considerably too much of them—too much desert began. There was, without remission, too much heat: There was, in fact, too much of too few things. So Miss King-Hall has taken her title from Mr. Noel Coward's comment on Nature: "Everything that Nature does is somehow overdone."

But let me not give the impression that this is a grumbling book. Its charm which I found endless—resides in its note of ironic cheerfulness. Its interest—and this is a book I hope to re-read—is due to its author's vital and witty interest in everything—

even in things that so often happened, and were so often seen, that their very monotony produced a sort of trance. I maintain that intelligent people are fortunate: it is not possible that they should be never bored, but they can get their very boredom into perspective; they are not got down by it—they can put it where it belongs. And they are less often bored than less intelligent people—up to a point, being bored is one's own fault. *Somehow Overdone* is a monument to the amusement that can be got out of living under conditions one might not choose.

The Level Eye

MISS KING-HALL is again fortunate (and, may I add, likeable) in being intelligent without being superior. Though she is quietly funny—very funny indeed—about local social life (the "suburban-tropical"), she is never smugly smart (in the American sense) at the expense of neighbours. She could relish, however grimly, what she did not enjoy. Personal happiness—in her marriage, in her writing (continued under torrid conditions)—kept her without malice. She and her husband lived their life in their own way, and could afford to respect their neighbours' living of theirs. So dinner-parties (with almost the same menus and almost always the same talk), evenings at the club, race meetings and "Sittats' Sticking Parties" are seen with an amused but never derisive eye. Miss King-Hall's light, artful and practised pen gives us a number of living pictures, pasted in (to follow her "scrapbook" metaphor) in effective relation to one another. I cannot see that this book can hurt or enrage



Sicae

Terence Rattigan, Airman-Author

Terence Rattigan, the young author of "Flare Path," at the Apollo, has been writing plays since childhood. Originally intended for the diplomatic service, he was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Oxford. With his early successes in "First Episode," "After the Dance" and "French Without Tears," it became apparent, however, that Terence Rattigan's heart and forte were in the theatre

anyone—and I feel that it cannot fail to amuse many.

And *Somehow Overdone* is more than lively and witty. Not confining itself to the domestic and social scene, it gives a good many facts that are interesting—about natives, cotton-growing conditions, climate and its effects; the non-English social substructure of the Sudan. . . . There are a number of anecdotes that invite reflection. Miss King-Hall has a light, uncombative manner of suggesting any theories she formed. The threat—a threat always to be resisted—of adverse climate to English health, temper and character is a recurring motif throughout the book.

"The Great Lover"

MRS. ALMA POWER WATERS' John Barrymore (Stanley Paul; 12s. 6d.) leaves one confronted by an enigma. Few questions as to the "real" John Barrymore seem—at least, to me—to have been resolved. Or was there no real John Barrymore? One would be sorry to think so. Mrs. Power-Waters evidently believes, strongly in an essential something. But, for all her hard work, she has either failed to trace this, or, if she did trace it, failed to show it to us. This is an authorised biography, completed while its subject was still living. Barrymore said to the lady (who was the wife of his company manager for the *My Dear Children* tour): "For God's sake don't whitewash me! Play me as I am."

To do just this was, however, a proposition. (Concluded on page 312)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

DON'T you feel a certain affection for the naivety of Government appeals? I do. I don't always profit by them, but I like them all the same. Indeed, I feel quite a brotherly affection for the soldier who, apparently in the midst of battle, writes home to his Mum, congratulating her on buying War Savings Certificates. I adore the young woman who, on the prospect of making about four shillings in ten years, appears as joyful as if she had won a lottery ticket. I have a peculiar affection for the old couple who, naturally, are astonished to find a Nazi shark roaring down the flooded High Street, but are, nevertheless, prevented by it from buying in the shop opposite what they "don't ought to have wanted." I am dying to delve into the private life of that elderly woman who puts in a full-time job on munitions, looks after her home and four children, does her wartime shopping without tears, is champion among the war-savings groups in her neighbourhood, and has never felt so carefree in her life! As for the new-style simplification of rules and regulations, they forestall every query so completely and fully that I think the mental standard aimed at must have been that of a half-wit!

Now I am looking forward to the conscience of mothers under forty-five being stirred by the future possibility of their children asking them what they did in the last war. If their answer is likely to be: "Oh, I looked after you, darling; kept the tennis club going, and sold flags," shame, it will be implied, shall be their portion for evermore. Indeed, I already

By Richard King

scan the hoardings for posters depicting that appalling moment; but, maybe, the paper shortage will put a stop to that. Anyway, I am doing my own best. Never do I put out my weekly package of old newspapers without murmuring: "Well, au revoir; I'll see you again some day as a Government form"; or when, later on, I see my carefully-tied-up bundle being hurled by the salvage-man among the cabbage-leaves and cinders, do I fail to envy the character of those who, so to speak, follow up the subsequent career of old junk until it becomes cartridge-cases.

Nevertheless, I am often wandering bewildered, seeking guidance in a bewildering kind of world. Is it wiser, for example, to make one glorious spread of your butter ration, or skimp to make it last a week, and never know you've eaten it? Whether it would be safer to rely upon the co-operation of one hen, trusting she will not expire before next January, or guard my one-egg allowance until such times as that sudden emergency dawns which discovers that I have kept it too long anyway?

Oh, indeed, dozens of such problems face one daily, and I have not yet solved any of them finally. I can still laugh, however, though the timbre of that mirth has sometimes a hollow sound. Alas! I foresee a horizon crowded with fresh ones. Almost worst of all, the prospect that, when eventually their accumulated mass has laid us flat, we shall be expected to rise again, fresh as daisies, to build a new world! Ah, deary, deary me! (By the way, do you know of a remote island to let? At a pinch, a rock would do!)

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Foljambe — Flint

Captain Peter G. W. S. Foljambe, only son of Major the Hon. Bertram and Mrs. Foljambe, of Highwood, Hertford Heath, Hertford, married Elizabeth Joan Flint, daughter of Major E. C. M. Flint, of Rock Lodge, Folkestone, and the late Mrs. Flint, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Hewan — Bartholomew

Flight Lieut. Timothy A. D. Hewan, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Hewan, of Chequers Corner, Walton-on-the-Hill, married Ellen Bartholomew, daughter of Sir Clarence and Lady Bartholomew, of Margery Wood, Lower Kingswood, Surrey, at the Church of the Wisdom of God, Lower Kingswood



Birkett — Alston

Squadron Leader Dennis A. Birkett, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Birkett, of Teddington, married Clarisse K. Alston, only child of the late Captain R. G. F. Alston and Mrs. Alston, of Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, at Christ Church, Down Street



Staveley — Todd

Squadron Leader Anthony T. Staveley, R.A.F., son of the late Captain G. Staveley and Mrs. Gerald Motion, of Godstone, Surrey, married Pamela Anne Todd, daughter of the late W. H. Todd, and Mrs. B. M. Mahon, of Holtham House, Paxford, Gloucestershire, at St. Peter's, Vere Street



Mathews — Burrough

Pilot Officer Keith Mathews, R.A.F.V.R., son of Major and Mrs. J. M. Mathews, of Agra, India, and Margery C. Burrough, daughter of the late Canon C. J. Burrough, and Mrs. Burrough, of Leighterton Rectory, Tetbury, Gloucestershire, were married at St. Peter's, Vere Street



Clark — Bones

Lieut. William A. Clark, R.C.A.P.C., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Clark, of Montreal, Canada, and Winifred Bones, Q.A.I.M.N.S.I.R., eldest daughter of the late Michael Bones and Mrs. Bones, of Northumberland, were married at Aldershot



Wallace — Drummond Vandyk

Sub-Lieut. Bruce O. Wallace, R.A.N.V.R., son of the late Lancelot Wallace and Mrs. Wood, of Sydney, Australia, married Joan B. Drummond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Drummond, of 193, Queen's Gate, S.W., at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road



Prall — Wright

Mr. H. R. J. Prall, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Prall, of Matfield, and Brenda Wright were married at All Saints' Church, Brenchley, Kent. The bride is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Wright, of Paddock Wood House, Kent



Crosbie — Downie

Lieut. J. R. Crosbie, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Crosbie, of 52, Glencairn Drive, Pollokshields, Glasgow, married Sheila M. S. Downie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Downie, of Northbank House, Kirkintilloch, at Sherbrooke Church, Pollokshields

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 297)

The Polish Hearth

MRS. JOHN WINANT and Lady Ravensdale both arrived punctually at the Polish Hearth for the concert given by the Polish Musicians of London for the music-loving members of the U.S. Forces at the "after work" hour of 6.15. Monsieur and Madame Tadeusz Jarecki received the guests, who came to hear Josef Cetner, Adela Kotowska and Alfred Orda in a programme which included works by Polish and Russian composers, and a group of Scottish folk-songs. Lady Maugham and her daughters, Mrs. Robert (Kate Mary) Bruce, the novelist, and Mrs. Honor Earl, the artist, helped to make everyone feel welcome and at home.

Congratulations, Miss Courtneidge

ALL previous records for a single wartime charity performance were broken when £10,000 was raised at the brilliantly successful Palace Theatre Gala Matinee of Cicely Courtneidge's Ack-Ack Comforts Fund. Miss Courtneidge is tireless in her efforts to help the gunners. While



A Royal Fan for the Red Cross

The Duchess of Roxburghe is the organiser of the Red Cross shop at Kelso. She is seen holding a fan of lace and mother-of-pearl, once the property of Queen Victoria, which was presented for sale at the shop by Queen Mary. The Duchess is a daughter of the Marquess of Crewe, and bore the Queen's Canopy at the Coronation of King George VI.

offering her our sincere congratulations, we must also apologise for the fact that in the process of printing our issue last week, the magnificent sum of £10,000 lost a nought and appeared ignominiously and incorrectly as £1000.

Comment on "Macbeth"

THIS sepia-coloured production, across which colour flickers fitfully, contains reminders of two quite irrelevant things. The Witches' "Double, double, toil and trouble" chant might have been the model for some of Mr. Churchill's more sombre clarion calls to sacrifice; and Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies's pouting and importunate Lady Macbeth is oddly like Miss Hermione Baddeley's performance in *When Crumple Played*, produced by Mr. Nigel Playfair in the late 'twenties.



A Boxful at the Lyric

Swaabe

In a box at the first night of "Escort," Sir Patrick Hastings' naval play at the Lyric Theatre, were Mrs. H. T. C. Walker, Commander John Waldegrave, Lady Hersey Waldegrave, Rear-Admiral H. T. C. Walker, Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley and two of his daughters, Lady Sudeley and Miss Patricia Bromley, and Lieut. T. Dorien-Smith

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 310)

Grateful, as ever, for the carte blanche, Mrs. Power-Waters appears to have found herself overpowered. (I did not intend the pun.) In recent years she had had—as the Foreword says—"an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with the personality of the wayward actor." She traced, with care and, I imagine, correctness, his life-story, and crusted this over with anecdotes. But zeal and loyalty were not quite enough to outweigh her shortcoming as a biographer—she did not quite know how best to use anecdotes in order to illustrate character, and she did not know how to chart that psychological current that runs through the most apparently off-hand life. Consequently, she has given us the picture of a type—the star actor, the flâneur, the bohemian, the lover—rather than of a particular man.

Possibly John Barrymore found himself overpowering. He had almost too many gifts, and, from the point of view of an actor, almost too propitious a start. On both sides he came of theatrical families: the American actor John Drew was his uncle; his English-born father, Maurice Barrymore Blythe, had made a name for himself on the American stage. With his sister Ethel and brother Lionel, John made up a spectacular junior trio, to be nicknamed "the Royal Family." John, who had more than inherited his father's good looks, vitality and insouciance, originally wished to become an artist: he worked at an art school and on a paper, and it seems to have been lack of patience rather than lack of talent that kept him, in this field, from making the necessary grade. He took to the stage when his drawing failed—first appearing in *Magda*, in Chicago, in 1903. Here, too, he had to work hard—but in this case *did* work—to make the grade. His good looks and his palpable charm, that could cross the footlights, were, at the outset, almost his only assets. He owed much to the trainers who brought the rest of him out.

With 1903 began the slow, then rapid, rise to success. Parallel to the career ran the marriages, of which there were, as is generally known, four. An optimism that one can only admire must have led Barrymore to seek and reseek brides: temperamentally he was not a born husband. Mrs. Power-Waters skates over these annals with feeling and tact. Equal optimism was shown by Miss Ethel Barrymore in her reception of each new sister-in-law.

Private life (when desired) was hard to find. Hollywood, to which Barrymore could not fail to gravitate, was obviously not the locale for this. His amorous, as well as professional, reputation continued to rise above him like a balloon, and the first, as the years continued to roll on and the Barrymore marriage-headlines enlarged by inches, may have done much to enhance the second. This became a bad case of publicity *v.* real art.

John Barrymore's looks were of the "period," Ouida type that have been steadily lapsing from the stage and the screen. The gangling hero succeeds him—loose of joints, forelock and lower lip. One must regret—and I certainly do regret it—this wane in the vogue for sheer masculine stylishness. And Mrs. Power-Waters, for all her rather blurred writing, does show in her subject all the stylish good qualities—volatility and good manners not least of all.

Dogs and People

MESSES. FABER AND FABER'S *Best Dog Stories* (chosen by C. B. Pulteney; 8s. 6d.) seems to divide its appeal between those who like dogs and will read any story about them, and those who like good stories, whether about dogs or not.

The relationship (in all of its variations) between dogs and people makes an excellent subject. In several of these stories, dogs are shown as precipitants or wreckers of human love-affairs, as showers-up of character, as instruments of justice, and so on. I thought the two best were Sir Hugh Walpole's *Having No Hearts* and John Galsworthy's *Dog at Timothy's*. I was glad to meet again F. Anstey's classic, *The Black Poodle*. O. Henry, Ian Hay, Denis Mackail, Jack London, W. W. Jacobs and G. B. Stern are among writers who have contributed.



Anthony

Joyce Grenfell, Diseuse

After an absence from the stage of over a year, Joyce Grenfell makes a welcome return in Herbert Farjeon's "Light and Shade," at the Ambassadors. Since her last appearance in "Diversion" she has concentrated on entertaining the troops, and doing her monologues at hospital ward concerts and in Y.M.C.A. canteens. She contributes two of her monologues and two songs to the show, and thereby adds brilliantly to the entertainment.



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



Everything that is not necessary for the care of the complexion has to be eliminated from the beauty budget. Yardley, of Sackville House, Piccadilly, have a series of preparations that are a necessity. There is the Complexion Milk, which cleanses the face and is very refreshing. Hard work demands a hand cream, so they have created a new one that removes the dirt as well as softens the skin. There is a new Complexion Soap, too, endowed with a delicate rose perfume. It is only 1s. a tablet. Too much cannot be said in favour of the Cameo Complexion Powder, which is so subtly tinted that there are few skins it will not flatter. At the moment there is a supply of these preparations, should they be needed for Christmas presents for oneself or friends. Orders must be placed immediately. All in doubt about their skin troubles should seek advice from Yardley's, as they have an enviable reputation all the world over.



Felt and Ribbon

Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, realises that during the ensuing months simplicity will be the most important feature in the world of millinery. The quartette of hats pictured on this page are of felt, trimmed with ribbon, with the exception of the one on the extreme left of the page, which has a soft drapery of chiffon, thus increasing its charm. An all-round turn-up brim is the characteristic feature of the affair at the top of the page on the left. The chef d'œuvre on the extreme right has ribbon threaded through the crown: there is a suggestion of the tam-o'-shanter about it. The model on the right below is trimmed with a band of ribbon which rests against the crown and is finished with a smart bow.



An example from our collection of Jersey dresses. This delightful style in finest quality Jersey is available in cherry, sky or brown. Hip sizes: 36 to 40.

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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE orchestra in the background of the Hollywood film studio played a haunting love song. In the centre of the room a man and woman were locked in close embrace. Suddenly the director leaped to his feet.

"Cut!" he shouted. He walked over to the hero and heroine. "No, no!" he screamed. "That's no good!" He turned to the hero.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "I want you to take this girl into your arms as though she were the first girl you ever loved. Live this scene! Play it so that the audience can feel the emotion of the moment. Make it bring them to their feet! Do you understand? I want the audience to stand up and cheer!"

The tired actor turned to the musicians. "Okay, boys," he requested, wearily. "When I start kissing the girl, you all play the 'Star-Spangled Banner'!"

ONE of the silly stories going the rounds is about the traveller in the middle of the Sahara desert who came upon a man in a bathing suit.

"Where on earth are you going?" demanded the traveller.

"Swimming," replied the one in the swim suit.

"But," said the traveller, "you're a hundred miles from the sea."

"Yes," replied the other. "Wide beach, isn't it?"

THE husband arrived home one evening and gave his wife an insurance policy.

"I've insured my life for ten thousand pounds," he said, "so that if anything happens to me, you will be provided for."

"How thoughtful of you," beamed his wife. "Now you won't have to see a doctor every time you feel ill, will you?"

"PETERBOROUGH" tells this story in his column in the *Daily Telegraph*:

Army regulations lay down that the bolt of a rifle should be "clean, bright and slightly oiled."

At a farewell party in a certain Octu one of the new fledged officers was called on for a few parting words.

He ended an amusing speech by turning to the musketry instructor and saying: "I thank you, sergeant, for all you have taught me, and I am glad to say that you act up to the Army tradition of being 'clean, bright and slightly oiled.'"

LITTLE Susan had just been tucked up in bed for the night and her mother was tiptoeing from the room when a small voice stopped her.

"Mummy, when I die, will I go to Heaven?"

"Yes, dear."

"And when pussy dies, will she go to Heaven, too, mummy?"

"I suppose so, dear."

Similar questions about the dog and chickens were answered, but when the child asked about the cow, the exasperated mother replied, "No."

She had just reached the door when the same little voice said:

"Mummy, we'll have to go to Hell for the milk."



"You're too little and too late——"

AN American had an invitation to a private shoot. Addressing the old gamekeeper, he said, "I'm one of the crack shots in the States. Tomorrow you will be loading for me, and for every bird I miss I'll give you a shilling."

The following evening the gamekeeper met a friend and told him the story.

"If I'd had another blank cartridge," he said, "I'd have made just a pound."

GERMANY has a special medal for scuttlers now. It is awarded to crews showing "special courage in destroying their ships in the national interest."

Not so good for morale perhaps. It will increase the sinking feeling.

FROM the moment she had started school, till years later, when, with a sigh of relief, she heard its door close behind her, Emma Sheepshanks had suffered

under her ridiculous name. The poor girl had written under her disadvantage, and lived for only the day when some man would marry her and change it.

At last! Emma Sheepshanks knew immediately that she had met her soul-mate! He dispensed with an introduction. He begged for a dance, several dances and asked permission to call.

Trembling, she heard his ring. Eagerly he seized his card from the maid. One glance at it, and her eyes blazed with indignation.

"Tell Mr. Ramsbottom," she said, "that I am not at home today nor upon any future occasion."

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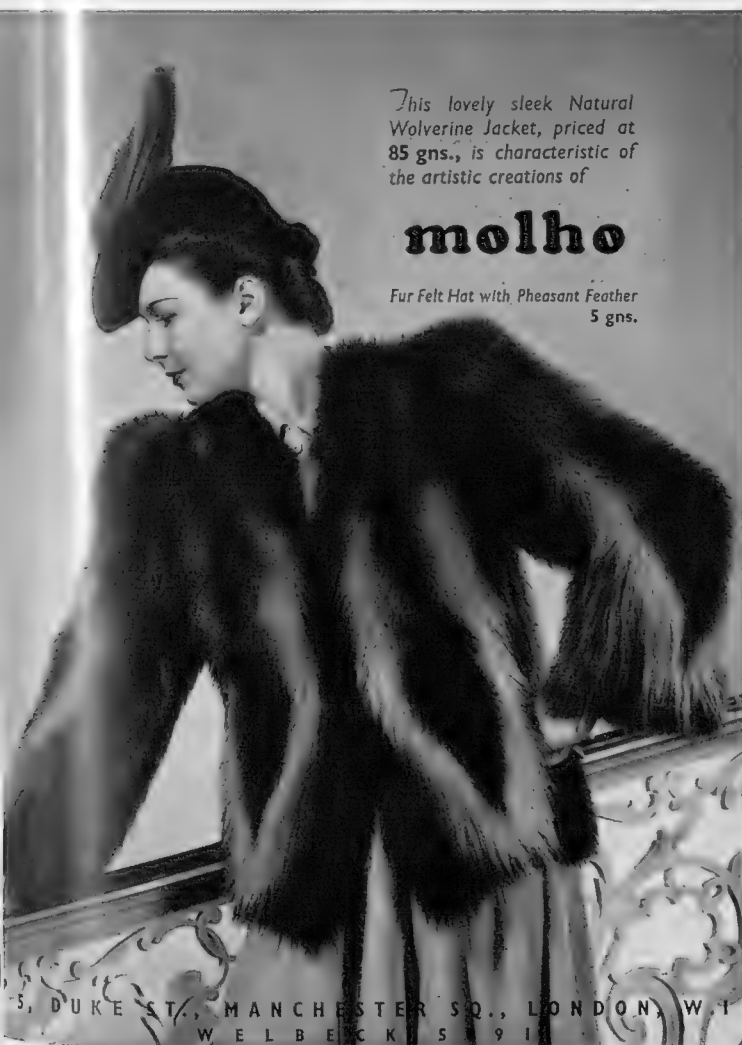


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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Food in Flight

DEHYDRATED food, to my tawdry intelligence, conveys the idea of a dish of bootleather and string garnished with wood chippings and served with a sawdust sauce whereas dehydrated food conveys the idea of something rich and strange, if not quite so indigestible as I might have called for in peace time.

For this reason I adhere to the weirder word. (I used, in 1914-18, by the way, a desiccated aircraft gun sight and was never inclined to confuse it with a dehydrated sight and to start chewing it in moments of absent mindedness). And I have a very special interest in dehydrated food because of the statement of an expert who said that every year we import three million tons of water in our food.

Take out the water in America, bring the food over in sorry little packets of dust and ashes, pump and soak it full of water again here and something very like a vegetable is before you.

Put Mr. Kaiser's air freighter plan with the dehydrated food plan and the result is much greater than the sum of the two individual quantities. Dehydrated food is strategically sound for it makes smaller demands on transport. Air freighters are sound because they are less vulnerable to enemy action than ships and much quicker. But air freighters cannot carry the load—or rather the water than impregnates the load.

Dehydrate the load and the air freighters can more readily do the job. So dehydration and air freighters look as if in combination they could solve some of the main transport problems of the United Nations and do it in a new and interesting way. Let us, therefore, dehydrate for victory.

Hypothermia

ALL of which leads me to think of the more distant future of air transport. If food can be dehydrated and shrunk without losing its quality, why cannot human beings be specially treated for convenient transport? And the question is not so absurd as it appears at first.

For curative purposes—especially for intractable pain—human beings have been refrigerated and it has been established that, under an anæsthetic, they will stand a much lower temperature than had ever been supposed without dying, and indeed with nothing but beneficial effects.

I have a macabre vision of passengers on the long-distance air routes of the future lining up at the terminal airport for the hypothermal chamber, to be frozen stiff and then packed in convenient crates for hoisting into the holds of the giant flying boats. Arriving at their destination they will be gently thawed out again, having taken a minimum of space during the journey, having been proof against air-sickness, and having demanded no food or service of any kind.

I suppose dehydration would be better in some ways than hypothermia; but the idea of paunchy stockbroker and blooming chorus girl being alike diminished to shrivelled parchments is fearful and frightening. An advantage would be found in passing the customs.

U.S. Aid

IN peace time I would demand in the strongest terms that the peoples of Britain and of the United States should rather criticise than compliment one another. More is learned from criticism, especially of the bitter and malicious kind (which is so much more valuable than quiet "constructive" criticism) than from compliment.

But now we have to reckon with an enemy who turns criticism to his purpose. The United Nations, in short, are in the position of a devoted family which claims the right to fight furiously among itself and to bandy the wickedest abuse, but which welds instantly into a solid, indivisible, utterly loyal block if challenged from outside.

So it is satisfactory to find the officer commanding-in-chief of the Bomber Command, Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, paying full tribute to the work of the United States air units in Britain. He sent a special message on the occasion of their first and highly successful raid on targets in Rouen.

And the raid deserved all the good things said about it. It was excellently planned and performed. It was a success both in the damage done to the enemy and in the small price paid for doing it. I like particularly the way in which senior officers of the United States Army Air Force in Britain go out on operations with their crews.

The precedent was set by Royce and Doolittle and it is carried on by Eaker. Age is a great disadvantage for air fighting because of the physical stresses involved; but it is less of a disadvantage for bombing. In bombing it is the spirit rather than the flesh that counts most. The American airmen are showing that they have plenty of spirit.

Global Maps for Global War

FOR some time now it has been becoming increasingly apparent that this war is being fought on such a large scale that the gravest errors of appreciation can come about through looking at the kind of war maps we have always used in the past. The Mercator projection, in particular, is apt to obscure the issue.

From the points of view of air supply lines the top of the world has acquired special importance; but the reason can be seen only on a geographical globe. It does not appear on Mercator owing to the distortions inherent in that projection.

Soviet Russia has always shown an understanding of the importance of the polar air ways. We have been rather more backward; but the way of the war is forcing the point home.

A thing that is not yet appreciated very widely is that icing is not prevalent in the polar regions. Research Committee reports have shown it to be most likely where the humidity is within certain limits and the temperature is around freezing point. But the matter is not quite so simple as this for innumerable other factors complicate the issue.

Anyhow we must expect to have to look north for the military air supply lines of the future and perhaps for some of the civil air transport lines.



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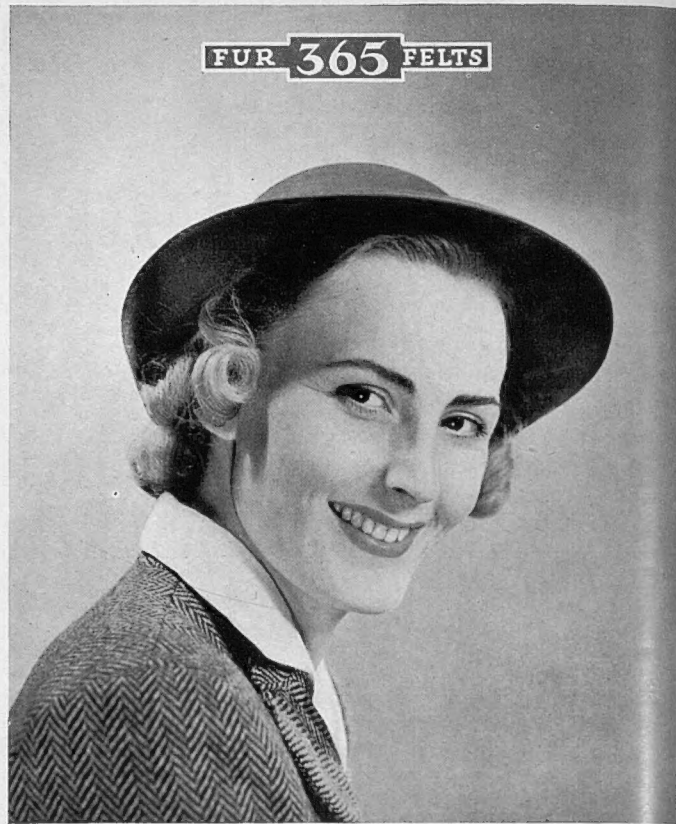
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"Poured it right over me. 'Don't stand there with your eyes sticking out like organ stops,' he said, 'eyeing me like a rat peering out of a ball of oakum.' I was wearing a beard at the time."

"How well I remember it."

"Well, sir," I said, 'your signal specifically stated . . . 'I don't care a fish's tuning fork what my signal specifically stated. Don't talk to me about signals. Where was my Rose's Lime Juice?'"

"And where was his Rose's Lime Juice, anyway?"

"Consumed. Lapped up. We'd entertained some American officers the night before, and

naturally we drank gin and Rose's. Couldn't risk hangovers complicating the relations of the two great allied democracies."

"Of course. You pointed that out?"

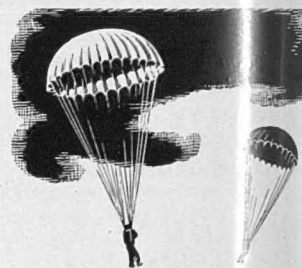
"I did. I confessed all and threw myself upon his mercy."

"How did it work?"

"Like a charm. The rugged face softened, a gleam came into the steely eyes and in a voice hoarse with emotion he told me that I wasn't quite such a fool as I looked."

"Praise indeed! And now, what about a run ashore to sample the glamorous night life of Lyness? I hear a new seagull's arrived from Long Hope."

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